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TOO EASY MARKS

By

Robert Mountsier

MARKS, German marks. At first billions of them, then trillions and quadrillions. Now quintillions, hundreds of quintillions of marks, paper marks.

For a good view of Germany and her mass of worthless marks take this bit of American history. When our Revolutionary War ended, the hand-presses printing the Continental dollar did not stop. Without the proper security to back them up these paper dollars fell to so low a value that the expression "not worth a Continental," became a part of our language and \$100 war bonds, the original liberty kind, depreciated until they were worth only \$2.50 apiece in hard cash.

This collapse of the dollar caused John Adams, Robert Morris, Alexander Hamilton and George Washington to urge that all obligations be redeemed at their original value. In a resolution disapproving the redemption of public bonds with depreciated currency, Congress enunciated the doctrine, which it later considered in a legislative act providing for full payment, that "a bankrupt, faithless republic would be a novelty in the political world. The pride of America revolts from the idea. Let it never be said that America had no sooner become independent than she became insolvent."

Seventy years later John Stuart Mill emphasized the truth that "depreciation of currency is a fraud upon creditors," and recently Ramsay MacDonald after becoming British prime minister said when speaking on the reduction of the national debt, "I regard two means as dishonest, repudiation and inflation."

To day "a bankrupt, faithless republic" is not a novelty in the political world. Guilty of depreciation of currency by means of inflation and guilty of repudiation, Germany stands before the world a fraudulent bankrupt after having perpetrated the greatest swindle in the history of man and money. The fraud was engineered by certain officials, industrialists, bankers and politicians in Germany, and through the dishonesty that they have practiced since Armistice Day they have enriched themselves and a horde of speculators and profiteers by wholesale defrauding of governments and individuals.

As long as it appeared that Germany



A Reichsbank note for five trillion marks. (Note that "billionen" means not billions but trillions.) If you want to get an idea of how much a trillion is, try to figure out how long it would take you to count to it—at the rate, say, of six numbers a second, which is pretty fast counting. This note, at present rates of exchange, is worth about one dollar

had a fighting chance to win the war the Government inflated moderately, but upon the failure of Ludendorff's last offensive inflation took a new grip on the German mark. At the outbreak of the war the German treasury started with a note circulation of two billions, which had behind it gold holdings of 1,253,199,000 marks. By the time of the Armistice the gold reserve had more than doubled to 2,550,240,000 marks, and the paper marks in circulation had reached 10,952,260,000.

Back in the first winter of the Army of Occupation the value of the mark hovered around two and three cents—more than twenty cents less than the pre-war value—and at that rate the Rhine Germans did a thriving business with the doughboys who used Coblenz as a base. All the time the printing presses kept turning out more and more marks, and the Treaty of Versailles put no stop to the flood of paper. The end of 1919 saw more than 35 billion paper marks in circulation, the end of 1920 almost 70 billions. Up, up climbed the total amount each month through 1921 and 1922, with the result that the first week in January, 1923, was distinguished by the huge sum of one and

a third trillion paper marks as a total.

Last year came the deluge, and this is what it looks like in figures:

	Paper Marks in Circulation	Equivalent in U. S. Dollars
June 7	9,309,532,000,000	\$121,023,000
Aug. 7	62,326,659,000,000	19,945,000
Aug. 31	663,200,000,000,000	69,636,000
Sept. 15	3,183,681,000,000,000	30,214,000
Sept. 29	28,228,815,000,000,000	138,321,000
Oct. 22	524,330,557,246,000,000	11,797,000
Oct. 31	2,496,822,908,936,000,000	14,980,000
Nov. 15	92,844,720,742,927,000,000	23,211,000
Nov. 30	400,267,640,291,750,000,000	60,040,000

Paper marks, paper marks everywhere, from German wastepaper baskets to American attics.

WITH dozens of paper mills turning out hundreds of carloads of paper for thousands of presses printing German marks by billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, the government's policy of depreciating the mark to 0.0 was practically achieved. Since the first of the year the total of German paper marks in circulation has passed the 500 quintillions point—here is what it was in round figures a couple of weeks ago: 536,669,347,761,871,000,000 — and

this sum looks as if it ought to include everything, but it doesn't. It ignores some quadrillions of paper marks issued by German states, cities, towns, villages, banks, firms and individuals, in many cases without security or limitation. This so-called *Notgeld* ranged from one pfennig to several marks before the mark's collapses and crises became a habit; with the sky and astronomical figures the limit the *Notgeld* makers found they could add

SERIE 1, GRUPPE A.



Rhine provinces, of Silesia and East Prussia, of Schleswig and Holstein, might well be taken for little broadsides of propaganda rather than as a kind of money. A mark note from Süderbrarup in Schleswig carries on one side the reproduction of a plebiscite stamp surrounded by fourteen black circles called "The Fourteen Points" and on the reverse side a map of Schleswig-Holstein and a dragon whose tentacles are fastened upon the "disputed" territory, with the words, "No matter how hard pressed she may be, Germany will always live; all our hope is based on Germany."

many will always live; all our hope is based on Germany."

infamous, views of city and country, pro-republic and pro-royalist stuff, patriotism and über-Alles propaganda, truth and lies.

For example: President Ebert's saddlery was reproduced on a 75-pfennig note circulated by the town of Quackenbrück. In a series of ten pictures on its emergency money Detmold celebrated the ancient Germans' annihilation of a Roman military expedition, with rhyme such as this to tell what it was all about: "When the Romans a-roamin' to Germany came, they were led by Q. Varus, a name known to fame; Quintilius rode at the head of his forces, while brass-throated trumpets urged on men and horses." Bielefeld attracted much attention to itself when instead of paper marks it issued scented silk marks.

The emergency money of the

Among the private issues of paper money is a 2,000,000-mark note with Hugo Stinnes' signature in facsimile on behalf of the board of directors of the Stinnes steamship lines. A 10,000-mark note issued for the government a year and more ago bore a vignette by Albrecht Dürer, which had been reproduced by a trick of shading to give the appearance of bearing a second face beneath and along the left jaw of the head, with pursed lips at the throat. The Germans referred to this as "France sucking the blood of Germany."

When it cost in currency many times the face value to print notes of minor denominations and when dealers in old paper began paying for used paper marks many times their value as money, it was time for something to happen. And it happened. The print-

(Continued on page 20)



ciphers as easily as the Reichsbank. *Notgeld* is no longer chicken feed, for it is in a class with its big brothers, the million mark notes—not money, just scraps of paper with figures, words and pictures on them, ready for the pulp machines with the exception of that part of it which possesses value because of the demand for it from numerous collectors of the multifarious marks that have been turned out since Germany's policy of inflation was initiated.

THIS paper emergency money, varying in size from that of a postage stamp to four by six inches, has enlisted the efforts of the best and the worst artists, engravers, lithographers and printers in the Vaterland. By picture and word, collections of *Notgeld* present in series and singly an extraordinary repertoire—prose and verse, comedy and tragedy, love and hatred, ancient history and up-to-date happenings, local superstition and national weaknesses, proverbs and legends, famous men and



Samples of German local money, or *Notgeld*: At top, Lichtenburg; center, Kitzingen; bottom, Naumburg. All are printed on an excellent grade of paper and elaborately colored

With PRIVILEGE of STOPOVER

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrations by Walter De Maris

XVI

BILL PATTERSON, when he became more or less conscious again, didn't remember anything so recent as being pushed

with malicious intent from a moving train by a man he had risked a good deal to rescue. His mind was back in France, and he made appropriate remarks. He heard a chuckle, and became conscious of a not unfriendly pair of eyes that were regarding him quizzically.

"Take it easy, buddy," the owner of these eyes said. "That wasn't a shell or anything like that. Just a crack on the bean. You'll feel pretty good tomorrow."

"Yeh—I know," said Bill. But the man was right. He knew this particular sort of pain. He touched, gingerly, a lump on the back of his head, like an egg only less useful.

"I don't want to be impertinent or anything," Bill said. "But where am I—and why? And all those things—you know?"

He tried to sit up, having realized that his position was a reclining one, and managed in two attempts to do so. He found himself in a car—a big, luxurious closed car. And then though the light was dim he saw the face of his companion and recognized it.

"Strike out the previous questions!" he said. "I know you, Jack Dalton—put those whiskers on again! The last time you had a motor-cycle and you were awfully sorry my car had broken down—"

"Right!" The other man nodded. "That was quick work—quickest I ever saw! You weren't out of sight more than a minute and a half—and you did enough damage to keep Mike busy all the next morning. He's still wondering why you don't come after your car, by the way."

"Tell him I've been busy if you see him before I do, won't you?" Bill begged.

"Sure. And now—"

"Yes—and now. That's so."

"We seem not to be pleased with you. For myself, you understand, I like you. But I have particular instructions about you—general in their nature, but specific—oh, very specific."

"From Hornaday?"

"The name is vaguely familiar—have I seen it in the newspapers, perhaps?"

"Possibly," said Bill. He had liked this man when he had detected him in the act of spying upon him, Bill Patterson. Something about him, even now, appealed to him. "Your name is, I suppose, Smith?"

"**N**O—really, no. I prefer—yes—you may call me Mr. Doe. Or John—and by tomorrow I should think we would know one another well enough for you to call me Jack."

"Tomorrow!" said Bill, his eyebrows going up. "But look here—I'm going to let you go, you know. You're free to depart. I won't give you away."

"I like you more and more, Mr. Patterson! I'm really sorry that we are



Before he realized what was happening Bill felt soft arms around his neck and warm lips on his cheek

so—ah—displeased with you. Still, I shall offer you such hospitality as is at my command. You feel better, don't you?"

"Ye-es," said Bill.

"But you'd better be in bed—that's the place for you. We've got all the comforts of home, just a little way from here—"

"You'd better let me go—"

"My dear chap—you use the queerest phrases! I assure you, I'm thinking wholly of your health—tonight. Tomorrow, of course, we may have to discuss other matters—I'll know better then. But it wouldn't be safe to turn you out to shift for yourself tonight—you had a nasty fall from that train—"

"All right!" Bill nodded. "Have it your own way."

His guardian smiled.

"Just as a matter of form—your word not to try to get out of the car?"

(Continued on page 14)

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

New Ideals in Public Service

OUT of the muck brought to light by the Teapot Dome investigation much that will benefit the nation is sure to spring. Of all the numerous aftermaths to that amazing mess none can be more important than this: the development of a new ideal of public service. If such an aftermath becomes a reality and were no other benefit whatever to ensue, the country might well be thankful for the exposé.

Truly we need a new ideal of public service. There are, of course, many notable exceptions. Many fearless men of integrity hold office in America today. But it is unquestionably true that our standards are, on the whole, low. Our officeholders are prone to forget the people who put them where they are. Too frequently they look for direction to the political machines of which they are a part, or to those forces usually referred to as the "interests," to which they feel they owe allegiance.

Let us hope that the dawn of a new day is here and that soon the man who "goes into politics" will have an outlook on life and a conception of his responsibilities more in keeping with the ideals which inspired the fathers of America.—WARREN K. SMITH, *Los Angeles, Cal.*

A Real Menace to America

IF reports from England are to be credited, an electrical ray which, when it is perfected, will be capable of "mowing down whole armies" has been discovered. Such a ray may or may not have been developed. But this much is certain: it is inevitable that, sooner or later, there will appear implements of such extraordinary power that war will be an impossibility—because it will be unthinkable.

In the meantime, while it continues to be the custom of nations to fight each other, let us beware of the misguided sentimentalists, radicals and other foolish visionaries who call themselves pacifists. Against our military establishment such people are directing a vicious attack; and, for this reason, they constitute a very real menace.

The Legion ardently desires the advent of universal peace. It realizes, however, that it behooves this country to maintain a strong, efficient Army and Navy, the best possible insurance against war, until such time as a feasible plan for bringing about world peace has been worked out and put into operation. We should beware of the radical pacifists. They are dangerous.—V. B. HEATHERINGTON, *Chicago, Ill.*

Wear Your Legion Button

WHO among us does not admire and revere the Civil War veteran? If we don't know him personally, how do we usually spot him? By the little bronze lapel button he wears.

The American Legion has its button of gold and dark blue, with its significant integral parts that stand for the principles upon which the Legion is founded. Those of us

who are fortunate enough to belong to the Legion should wear that button. Many of us are not doing so.

This fact was vividly impressed on the author of this at a recent district Legion meeting where very few buttons were in evidence.

There are still far too many ex-service men who have not joined the Legion, and the more they see our emblem the sooner some of them are going to see the light and want in.—SAMUEL H. COBB, *Navy Post, Columbus, O.*

"Our Strong Arm Is the Law"

OCCASIONALLY there are clashes—invariably featured in the newspapers—between Legionnaires and persons possessed of sentiments abhorrent to members of the Legion. In several States ex-service men have been accused of breaking up meetings attended by people whose beliefs do not harmonize with those held by the average American of today.

Unquestionably the spirit which prompts ex-service men to interfere when un-American ideals are being aired is laudable. But, because it is apt to sweep us away and tempt us to do illegal things, it is often dangerous. We have laws. Let us remember that. When we feel that those laws are being violated we should advise the proper authorities and see to it that they act—in a legal manner. Let us resist the ever-present temptation to resort to the use of the strong arm. Our strong arm is the law.—IRVING C. HECKSCHER, *Los Angeles, Cal.*

The Constitution Prohibits It

IN a recent issue of the Weekly there appeared a reader editorial in which Mr. John Brown, of Queens Borough, New York City, objected to the exemption from Federal taxation of "every civil officeholder and employee—state, county, city, town—from the governor down."

The Constitution of the United States prohibits the Federal Government from levying tax upon taxes paid to a State fund. The officers of a state, county or municipality are paid out of taxes received from the people, so a tax on these salaries is expressly prohibited by our Constitution. A tax so levied would only tend to increase the tax already imposed upon the public.—J. O. BANKS, *Post No. 47, Fort Wayne, Ind.*

Preparedness—for Peace

THE AMERICAN LEGION believes in the doctrine of preparedness—but not as the militarist believes in it. There is this difference: the militarist believes in preparing for war; we of the Legion believe in preparing for peace. We believe that, in earth's unfolding drama, America has come to the place of leadership among the nations in order that she may show the way to universal and permanent peace.

Let us prepare for peace by inculcating the right kind of peace ideals in the minds of the oncoming generation, by glorifying peace. Let us reveal the horror of war and teach the truth: that war is the blackest, least excusable, most damnable crime against man and God Almighty.—HAROLD J. BORTLE, *Red Creek, N. Y.*

TO reflect more accurately the opinion and sentiment of The American Legion, the occasional use of this page is offered to the readers of the Weekly, who, through their membership in the Legion, are also its owners. Contributions are subject to abridgment and the Weekly assumes no responsibility for opinions expressed in them. They should be addressed to the Editors, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

WELL, here are two of them—two of the many war novels which are to come. I have just been reading again Thomas Boyd's "Through the Wheat" which was published last year, and Larry Barretto's "A Conqueror Passes," which was recently published. Both had to be very good of their kind to get past the editors these days.

After the Armistice, if a writer took a war story to an editor that great man simply refused to look at it. Stories, plays and movies were in order about fights in the prize ring, down a back alley or on the parlor rug or between jumping beans; about gun-play in drawing rooms or bandit hold-ups in a Wild West which has ceased to exist except for fiction purposes for Eastern audiences. But there must be nothing in which any character was in uniform in the big fight that had more gun play than any on record.

And the editors had their sensitive blue pencils on the public pulse. Nobody who had been in or out of it wanted to read about the war.

"Maybe the war will come back," said the editors in their wisdom, "when we are far enough away from it, and some of the fellows who were really in it, and who know how to tell a story, get their bearings."

Boyd's "Through the Wheat," as you may know, is the story of William Hicks, private, and his fighting and what happened to him and how he felt about it.

Not all men in action felt just the way Hicks felt, which, I should say, was primarily the way that writer Boyd, himself, felt. But many of his feelings are true to those of all men in camp and under fire.

HERE is some talk by Hicks' platoon, after it had no food for two days except some canned salmon off dead men, which will not sound unnatural to many readers:

"What makes the wildcats wild?"

"Because they're hungry."

"Why are they hungry?"

"Because they ain't got no chow."

Another quotation as they are preparing to advance:

"For an everlasting half hour they ploughed and squirmed through the field, struggling to get into position in order that the attack might commence. Meanwhile shells, timed like the ticking of a clock, fell with horrible and spirit shaking accuracy."

And when the hot sun was beating down on them:

"Helmets were like hot frying pans. Sweat soaked through the padding in their helmets and ran down the men's faces in tiny, dirty rivulets. Their skin beneath their woolen shirts and breeches itched unbearably."

Again:

"Over the wheat field the night mist hung like a thick, wet, flapping blanket. Machine gun bullets spattered perfunctorily. The shell-shocked man moaned . . . Inside their heads wings of mammoth windmills were revolving . . . Bullets spattered on, demanding, screeching for, death. The whole sound was reminiscent of ivory dice being frantically shaken in a metal box . . . Their throats felt as if they had swallowed handfuls of fine dust . . . Another flock of shells struck in and around the ravine."

And this on the passing of Corporal Olin:

"Olin," he whispered. "Olin!" But there was no answer. He felt along the body until his hand touched the face. It was warm, and then he knew that he had found Olin. But not

Olin! Just a body that had once been Olin. For Olin was dead. Along the tunic and under the respirator box was a warm, sticky substance."

Boyd ends Hicks' career while the war is still on. Barretto begins his story of Stephen Wicker in "A Conqueror Passes" with peace. So the first story is cause and the second effect. We are introduced to Wicker as he is leaving camp after demobilization with "I'm through, I'm through," running like a little tune through his mind.

MY own attention was first called to "A Conqueror Passes" by the question of a woman who was reading it: "Were many employers like Wicker's?" Not all, of course. But some were. It is safe to say that Wicker's employer is not now shouting for Adjusted Compensation. But here is Barretto's picture of him when Wicker went into the service.

"The thought of this young clerk, whom he had hardly noticed, stepping from his desk into the ranks of a crusading army filled him (the employer) with genuine emotion. He had deplored the fact that he had no son to go, had shaken young Wicker's hand heartily, and had promised him his job again if—when he returned. He wanted to do more; to give him a present of money or to inquire in what condition his clerk's family—if he had one—was being left. Delicacy as well as innate caution prevented him."

And what Wicker went through was like what Hicks went through. All who were "in it" know that. But our people at home did not always know that, or at least feel it. The war was very far away from them. The French people did know and feel it. They were close to the scene. Their soldiers were frequently home on leave. Our soldiers were not. They did not return until the war was over and our people were thinking of other things.

Oh, that innate caution of Wicker's employer! It had become supreme by the time that Wicker was back in the office. No. He was sorry but Wicker could not have his old place back. He could not be so disloyal to the man who had taken it while Wicker was away. However, Wicker would be taken on as a new man; and, as a new man, after his long absence, he could not have the regular three weeks summer holiday allowed to old employees. A raise in pay to meet the increased cost of living? No, not that!—and Wicker wanted to marry the girl who had been waiting for him. That had been his dream while he was at the front.

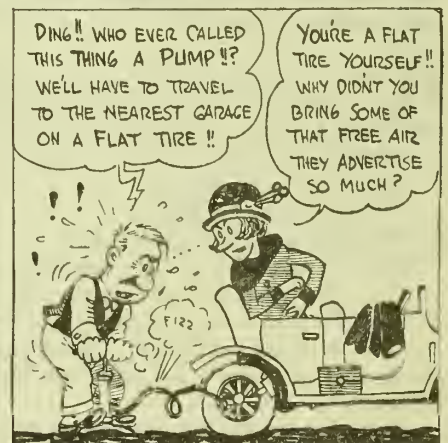
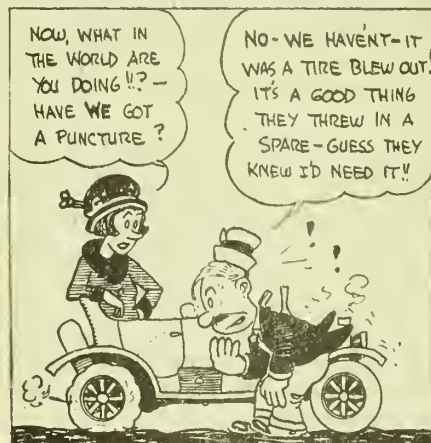
SO the injustice of this employer helped on the effects of the war strain that still held him in its vise. That's the theme of the story, after war restlessness. Not all returned soldiers who had such employers may have felt as Wicker felt, and only a rare one may have acted as he acted, but all will have the human sympathy to understand his feelings.

The sound of shells and bullets was still in Wicker's ears. He could not keep his mind on his work. His pay was reduced. He became more discouraged and "haunted." He was separated from his girl, lost his job, disappeared, became an itinerant laborer and a "bum" in the depths.

When he had a little windfall of money his aching feet took him back to France. That trip did not lay his "ghost." It left him with a sense of "ghastly failure." But in the end the conqueror conquers himself, thanks to the loyalty of that fine girl. He gets a new job, sticks to it, is promoted and settles down to home and the day's work as a good citizen—which is the thing to do and the Moral of the Story.

The Joy-Ride

By Wallgren



With the End in Sight

Adjusted Compensation Fight at Close
the Same Old Battle with the Same Old
Opponents—*Sudden Sympathy of the Die-
Hards for Our Brave Boys*—Legion's Cam-
paign One of Giving the Public the Facts

WASHINGTON, April 14th.
THIS won't be read for eleven days, and maybe by that time the Adjusted Compensation Bill will have become a law, either with or without the President's signature or despite his veto. If the President fails either to sign or veto the bill within ten days after its passage it becomes a law the same as if he had signed it. In the event the bill is a law when this comes out in print, what I have to say here will be interesting only in the light of difficulties which have been overcome—difficulties which perhaps some of my readers do not know a great deal about.

On the other hand it is possible that when this appears the bill will not have become a law. In which case considerable interest and importance may attach to what follows—which is all predicated on the assumption that there is still a leg to go to put the bill on the statute books.

In this event it is possible—by an outside chance—that the bill will still be hanging fire in the Senate awaiting its chance to come up for the initial vote. But more likely it will have passed the Senate, as it did the House, the President will have vetoed it, and the opposition will be making its last stand in its last ditch to prevent the bill from being carried over the executive veto. It requires a two-thirds majority to override the veto.

This will be the state of affairs if the antis can bring it about. Their strategy is that of delay—delay here, delay there, delay all along the line, while skillfully and persistently they try to foment an attitude, or a semblance of an attitude, of opposition to the bill among the veterans themselves, and to mould this opposition into legislative ammunition for use on the floor of the Senate when that last ditch veto vote comes. If the bill is beaten it will be because these tactics have succeeded and for no other reason. The opposition appreciates that in this event, soon or later, the veterans will wake up to the fact that they have been the victims of a trick. But the bill will have been beaten. That is what the opposition is after. As to the subsequent anger of the vets, they are willing to take a chance and try to cross that bridge when they come to it.

There are some honest friends of the veterans here in Washington who are not satisfied with the form of the present bill, but these persons are few in number. Their very scarcity is witness to the fact that the veterans generally and their friends want the present bill. The American Legion's National Legislative Committee has endorsed it, and Senators have received a great many letters from Legionnaires and other veterans in every State who endorse it.

Generally speaking the more the bill is studied, the more apparent becomes its soundness and its worth.

But there are a great many other people in Washington, in Congress and out, who are fighting this bill. They say it isn't good enough for our brave boys. They call it a "tombstone bonus" and other pretty names. Very assiduously they have been spreading misinformation about the bill in an effort to get one veteran here, two veterans there, and a handful of veterans somewhere else to come out and say, "No, we don't want this bill; we want something else."

Now strangely enough most of these new-found champions of the veteran have hitherto been against any form of adjusted compensation. Their interest in our brave boys in this regard is of very recent date. But this is not emphasized in their approaches to the veterans. They're not telling their new friends, the brave boys, that it is a question of getting this bill or getting nothing at this session of Congress. Nor do they tell the boys that they are against this bill now for the simple reason that they always have been and still are against any bill at any time. These little gems of truth are left quite out of the picture as the emissaries of Big Business, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, of the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League and the whole crew which has fought adjusted compensation tooth and nail all the way through remain united to beat the present bill, which stands on the very threshold of victory, with the singular story that it isn't good enough for the brave boys.

A Big Gain for the Disabled

AN important victory for the disabled service man was gained in Washington on April 10 when Director Hines of the Veterans Bureau rescinded Regulation No. 35 at the request of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee. Director Hines's action will insure the speeding up of thousands of claims involving permanent partial disability ratings. These claims now will be decided in district offices without the necessity of review by the central board at Washington. The Legion's San Francisco convention last fall recommended the rescinding of Regulation 35 in the second of 85 resolutions adopted on questions concerning the Veterans Bureau's dealing with disabled men. The Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee presented its case to Director Hines during a special meeting held in Washington April 8, 9 and 10, and Mr. Hines's order was announced while the Legion committee members were still in session.

May I be candid and repeat the words of a pro-compensation Senator who said to me the other day, "If you Legion people are thick enough to fall for this talk, you don't deserve to win."

As I wrote after the bill had passed the House by a vote of 355 to 54, this bill is basically the same measure the Legion has been fighting for for two years. It pays \$1 a day for home and \$1.25 a day for foreign service, with maximums of \$500 for exclusive home service and of \$625 for home and foreign service mixed. If a veteran has less than \$50 coming to him he gets it in cash. Eligible dependents of veterans who have died since their discharge get their compensation in cash, no matter what the amount.

The compensation of all other veterans is turned over to the Veterans Bureau, which buys a twenty-year endowment paid-up life insurance policy and delivers the policy to the veteran. The face value of any policy is roughly two and one-half times the amount of adjusted service credit at \$1 or \$1.25 a day. A veteran with a \$500 credit would get a policy of about \$1,250. In case the veteran dies the day after he puts his application in—and if this bill passes applications may be filed in June—his dependents get the \$1,250 in a lump sum. If the vet lives twenty years he gets the \$1,250 in a lump sum, or if he dies at any time meanwhile his dependents get it. After the policy is two years old the veteran can borrow on it. In actual fact the veteran who gets an insurance policy is compensated at rates of from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a day for his service.

That, in a word, is the bill—a bill which has won more endorsements and more commendation, which has disarmed more honest and fair opposition than any "bonus" measure ever evolved before Congress. It is the product of four hard years of effort and study of the veterans' needs—which have changed with the years, mark you. Indeed, so economically unassailable, except by surreptitious misrepresentation, is the bill that old-line Republicans are speculating whether Mr. Coolidge can afford to veto it.

This is the legislation the veteran can have for the asking, and he can have it now. He can have it within a week after he reads this, if he will wire his Senator to vote for it. Maybe you suspect that I am in the secret pay of the telegraph companies—so frequently asking my readers to send telegrams. But this is last call, on Adjusted Compensation, anyway. If the bill hasn't passed already send a telegram—and if you wired last week send another. If you are for adjusted compensation, it will be worth your time and trouble, as events soon will show.

M. J.

Mr. De Young Sees It Through



Six years ago during the Château-Thierry drive a German high explosive shell buried Henry De Young so deep that a poilu saved his life only by digging him out with a trench shovel. Since that moment De Young's outwardly sound body has been engaged in a struggle to overcome the handicap of its disorganized nervous machinery. With Mr. De Young in this photograph are his wife and his two children, Morris and Evelyn

IF anyone wished to point to a disabled service man who had achieved spectacular success despite handicaps acquired in the war he would not choose the story of Henry De Young of Detroit. De Young's story is of a different sort—the record of a hard, bitter, persistent struggle just to keep going, an average story, the same kind of story that might be told of thousands of others who before the war were everyday young Americans and have been since the war foot soldiers in the trench warfare of life. Had Henry De Young come out of the war with both legs gone or even with eyes gone, his lot in many ways would have been easier than it has been. For then he would have been known from the start as a war casualty. But Henry De Young looked all right when it was all over. No one knew on sight that his nerves had been wrecked, that he was shocked almost to the point of helplessness. In a file of the welfare department of the Legion at Detroit there are 108 letters pertaining to the case of Henry De Young. They tell his story.

De Young was a machinist when he enlisted on December 4, 1916. With the headquarters company of the 22nd

Infantry he saw service on the Mexican border. He served as a company bugler. Then came war against Germany, and on May 25, 1918, De Young went into the Château-Thierry drive as a runner with the 4th Machine Gun Battalion of the Second Division.

His tragedy of the service came on June 6th. Entrusted with a message, he made his way up from a support trench to an advanced position. The going was rough and he discarded a bicycle given him to guarantee a quick delivery. A French battery was pumping 75's over a clump of trees and the Germans were attempting to box the position, with considerable success. A G.I. can screamed over and exploded. Under the shower of mud and earth De Young was caught and completely buried. A poilu with a trench shovel freed the runner. But there was no pause for De Young. He continued on and delivered his message. Given an oral response by an officer he returned to his commander. He repeated the message of reply. Then he collapsed.

At the field hospital it was discovered that the runner had been stricken dumb by the force of the shell's explosion. In a semi-conscious state he muttered incoherently. His nervous system was

wrecked. His facial muscles twitched. He could not control his eyes. "Hysteria in line of duty." So the doctors pronounced his case. Helpless, he was removed as a casual to a base port, and early in February, 1919, was returned to the States.

Here De Young was hospitalized, first at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, then at the naval hospital at Great Lakes, Illinois. He regained slightly his speech. But he could not control the muscles of his mouth. His arms jerked spasmodically. His legs, one of which had drawn up slightly, frequently gave way under him. Silently but hopefully he went on. Came his transfer to Fort Jay, New York, and his discharge on December 4, 1919. But before his discharge was given him he had re-enlisted for a period of one year.

Then one night he wandered away. Over the border, at Leamington, Ontario, he got a job in the sugar-beet fields. The outdoor labor helped him. He changed his name to George Verdun. It was a part of his plan to forget the past.

Then "Verdun" met Elizabeth Panick, a young Bohemian girl who sympathized with him and offered to help him. They were married April 6, 1920.

Elizabeth had saved \$3,000 by working in restaurants in New York City over a period of six years. She placed this at "Verdun's" disposal and insisted that he secure the best medical aid available. Furthermore she leased some land near Leamington. Farmers in that vicinity had received fifty cents a pound for tobacco in 1921. "Verdun," a Belgian by birth, knew how to farm instinctively. He put out a crop. It was a success as a crop, but when he came to market it he was offered ten cents a pound by the buyers.

With this failure, and the payment of several large bills for medical aid, the wife's small fortune was dissipated. Hopes which were so high in the spring were dashed in the fall. Then "Verdun" told his wife that he had changed his name, told her of his desertion from the Army; in fact, he confessed all. She listened. Her faith was not shaken. She had enough funds left for two fares to Detroit. And she insisted that her husband return and surrender himself to the authorities.

The trip from Leamington to Detroit was not a cheerful one. It was no easy task for the wife to watch her husband stumble up to the sentry at Fort Wayne and give himself up. But, in her great fortitude, she insisted that this was the only course. De Young was placed under arrest. The wife sought shelter with friends.

Officers at the fort soon analyzed De Young's condition. He was given more hospitalization. Shifted from place to place until May 15, 1922, he was finally given an honorable discharge from the Army. At that time the Army rated him as a fifty percent total disability, but the Veterans Bureau rated him as only ten percent. He was given compensation of eight dollars a month.

"Verdun" went back to his wife and a son, Morris, born early in 1921. He

(Continued on page 23)



Then and Now

By the Company Clerk



THE report of S. J. Meyers's battle death made by Comrade J. E. Clark in the February 22d issue seems to have been greatly exaggerated, as Mark Twain once declared. It wasn't Clark's fault, however. He told of a man near him being hit by a shell about July 19, 1918, during the Marne fighting. The man was blown to atoms, and an identification tag was thrown near Clark which bore the name of S. J. Meyers, Bugler, Battery C, 18th F. A. So it seemed reasonable to assume that the victim was Meyers. Even a Sherlock Holmes would have done that.

Clark's letter brought out the fact that Robert C. Davis, Adjutant General of the Army, is a reader of *Then and Now*, because the A. G. wrote in pronto and said that this tag belonged to Shirley J. Meyers of Webb City, Missouri, Battery C, 18th F. A., who participated in the Champagne-Marne Defensive and Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne Offensives and was honorably discharged August 26, 1919, at Camp Taylor, Kentucky. Fine. So we sat right down and wrote to Comrade Meyers, and here is what he had to say about his reported death in a letter which he wrote recently from Tulsa, Oklahoma:

"On July 14, 1918, the 18th F. A. went into action for the first time at Château-Thierry. Battery C was a heavy loser in personnel, since one gun was completely put out of action by a direct hit, a few men wounded and our horses shot up and scattered. A gas barrage followed and everyone was ordered to look out for himself. These happenings were at about the same location Clerk describes in his letter.

"At this time my rank was not that of bugler, but I was carrying my old dog tag, which Clark found, loose in my pocket, and it was lost the first night in battle. The only possible explanation of Clark's finding my dog tag the way he reports is that I lost the tag, another buddy found it, this unlucky buddy was blown to atoms while near Clark and Clark, knowing this tag had been in this man's possession, naturally assumed that I was the man killed. I'm glad to report I am very much alive."

WE have this letter from John G. Gardner of Fernwood, Mississippi: "My buddy, Corporal Lawrence A. Alcorn, left a photograph of twin girls with me while I was company clerk with Company H, Ninth Infantry, Second Division, when we were stationed at Vaudrécourt, Haute Marne, France. Later Alcorn was given a commission and transferred to the 36th Division and was killed in action at Mont Blanc during the early part of October, 1918. If I remember correctly, these girls

lived in Fort Worth or Dallas, Texas, and if they will send me some identification to show they are rightful owners of this photograph, I will gladly return it to them. They can establish identity by sending me snapshot of either Corporal Alcorn or of themselves."

A VALUABLE war souvenir turned up recently in the factory of the Seng Company in Chicago, according to a letter from Comrade J. L. Frazier. It is a watch, the case of which is inscribed "To Private Heck," and the case also bears the name of a captain who gave the watch to this soldier in 1918. The Company Clerk will forward any information regarding the owner of this watch to Frazier. Some C. O., we'll say. Must be a story behind it that would be interesting.

B. G. ROBERTS of Montpelier, Ohio, asks help in finding the rightful owner of some war souvenirs in his possession. He writes:

"While I was still in France, a package was received by my wife here at home, and as I had been sending many packages to her at the time it was opened without much attention being paid to the address. Mrs. Roberts wondered somewhat at the contents, but said nothing until I arrived home in July, 1919. As it happened the package had

not been sent by me nor was it intended for Mrs. Roberts. It contained two souvenir books, one with views of Paris and the other with postcard views of Germany. The one with the German postals has some fine photographs, presumably of the sender, in uniform, in the first pages. This post card album and its contents evidently cost quite a sum of money and on account of the personal photographs probably was prized highly by some soldier. I cannot find a trace in the books of the name of the sender or to whom they were sent. In one book is this notation, 'Bought in Coblenz, Germany, Dec. 20, 1918,' and in the other, 'Bought in Coblenz, Germany, Jan. 14, 1919.' Whatever the original address was, it was mistaken for 'Mrs. B. G. Roberts, Montpelier, Ohio.' I have advertised in the home papers and am assured the books belong to no one in this locality. The owner may live in a Montpelier in some other State. Can you help me find the owner?"

HOW many Legion posts have among their members one or more of the 192,753 men who made the trip across the pond (either way) on that king pin of transports, the *Leviathan*? The United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation has a limited supply of photographs of the Levi taken in 1919 in New York harbor when she was loaded to the guards with troops, and wants to present a copy of the picture without cost to every Legion post that applies. The picture is 12 by 17 inches in size and fine for framing. Requests for a copy may be made by Legion post officials to the Company Clerk in care of the Weekly. Tell your post commander or adjutant about it. Remember, this offer applies to posts only, not to individuals—sorry, but you know the principle of democracy: the greatest good to the greatest number.

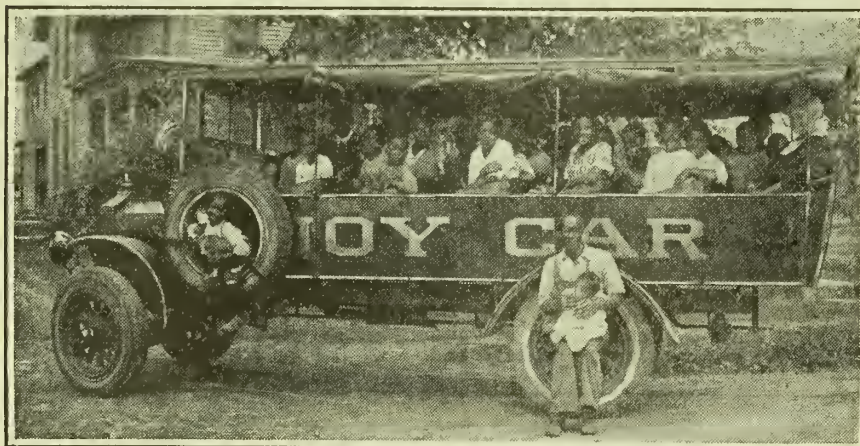
(Continued on page 23)



Are you in this group of homeward-bound casuals slopping the slum from their mess kits? Rudolph H. Meredith of Peoria, Illinois, made this snap at the Le Mans Classification Camp of unhallowed memory during the spring of 1919. Thousands of A. E. F.-ers were cleared through this camp on their way to embarkation ports



MORE FRIENDS FOR THE LEGION.—Here's the way the boys and girls of Rockwood, Tennessee, reacted to the equipment furnished for the high school playground in that place by Curtis E. Smith Post



Legionsnaire Beach's Joy Car loaded with a happy party from a Rochester (New York) home for dependent children. Beach is the driver

Legionsnaire Gives Joy Rides to Rochester's Joyless

AN extended lay-over in a West Indian port nearly two years after the Armistice so impressed Coxswain George K. Beach of Submarine Chaser No. 331 with the agonies of lonesomeness that he then and there resolved to bring cheer into the lives of lonesome folks right at home. Discharged from the Navy, he jumped into civilian life and into active membership in Milton L. Lewis Navy Post in his home city, Rochester, New York.

Beginning in May, 1921, Legionsnaire Beach gave children in the Tuberculosis Sanatorium in Rochester weekly rides in his automobile. Before the summer was out every patient able to get out of bed had been on at least one of these rides. Then with the aid of the Church Extension Society, the Legion and other agencies, Beach succeeded in getting another and bigger automobile, which he christened "The Joy Car." During the summer of 1923 the children and grown-up shut-ins of sixteen institutions, including disabled veterans, shared in the trips, averaging twenty a month, which the big car made into the surrounding country and to a nearby lake.

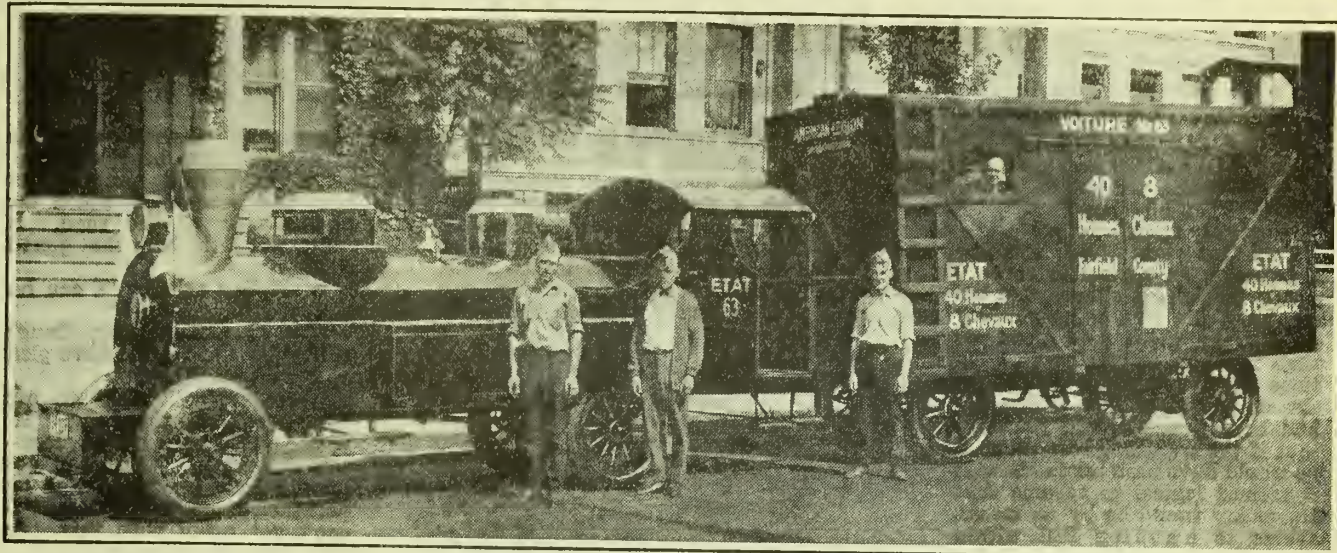
Oregon Launches Essay Contest on Peace-Time Patriotism

"PEACE-TIME PATRIOTISM" is the subject of a state-wide essay contest recently begun by The American Legion of Oregon through its Department Americanism Commission. Thousands of children enrolled in the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades of the public schools of Oregon are eligible and information now is that virtually all are competing.

The purpose of the contest is to create a state-wide interest in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. It is to let the children know they must use an intelligent ballot in time of peace as well as a well-aimed bullet in time of war. It already has created much interest, as the children have sought the aid of their parents in outlining these patriotic essays. The people and press of the State have accorded the idea hearty co-operation.



LEADING THE WAY TO CITIZENSHIP.—American Legion posts of Chicago, recently conducted this naturalization ceremony in a United States court, and Legionsnaires stood sponsors for a large group who had been benefited by the Legion's courses in citizenship



SPEED—Fairfield County (Connecticut) Voiture of 40 and 8, terminal in Bridgeport, owns this classy equipment

The Auxiliary Forty Femmes Pledges Welfare Support

FOLLOWING the lead of the Legion in officially recognizing the 40 and 8, or boxcar society, as the playground of Legionnaires, the American Legion Auxiliary has recognized La Boutique des Huit Chapeaux et Quarante Femmes, which, translated, reads the Society of the 8 Hats and 40 Women, as the playground of the Auxiliary. The society was organized during the Second National Convention of the Auxiliary in New Orleans in 1922 and since then has established Demi Salons, or department organizations, in thirty-eight States and in Hawaii and Alaska. Only active Auxiliary members are eligible.

Child welfare work has been adopted as the serious objective of the 8 and 40. Plans for the development of this work will be made at the national convention of the Society during the Fourth National Auxiliary Convention in St. Paul next September. The Society will play the role of fairy godmother to World War orphans.



National officers, Auxiliary's 8 and 40. Left to right: Mrs. J. E. Barcus, Indianapolis, Ind., treasurer; Mrs. E. W. Burt, Salisbury, N. C., president; Mrs. Eugene Arbona, Jr., Bogalusa, La., secretary

Late Wilson Portrait Owned by Iowa Post

ONE of the last autographed portraits of Woodrow Wilson is the precious possession of Argonne Post of Des Moines, Iowa. The post adjutant wrote to the former commander-in-chief asking for a photograph to hang on the walls of the new clubhouse of the post. The letter which Mr. Wilson's secretary sent with the picture was dated January 17, just a few days before the final illness of the war president.

New England Post Honors Memory of Soldiers of 1812

ASHBURNHAM (Massachusetts) Post, checking up the records of the historic cemetery in its town, found that the bodies of twenty-three men who fought in the War of 1812 were lying in graves unmarked and forgotten. The post took immediate action and at the next town meeting \$50 was appropriated, with the provision that it be expended under direction of the Legion in taking care of these graves.

A committee of the post purchased official grave markers of the Society of the War of 1812 and these markers were placed on the graves of the twenty-three fighting men.



LEGION PLANE HELPS—Handbills this Legion plane dropped won a school bond issue in Inglewood and El Segundo, California

With Privilege of Stopover

(Continued from page 5)

"Delighted!" said Bill. "I—I've had enough of that for one day, anyway! My parole—till we get to where we're going. That all right?"

"Perfectly satisfactory."

This Doe person, Bill reflected, was a friendly, an agreeable sort. By no means inefficient, either. He was acting upon his own responsibility now, of course; there had been no time for him to receive instructions from Hornaday or anyone else on the train from which Bill had been pushed. Bill reasoned that if the train had been stopped he would have been taken aboard; it seemed logical to assume that Hornaday would be by no means averse to having Bill within reach just now. On one score Bill had no illusions; he felt that Hornaday didn't like him, and never would. Nor on the whole did Bill, always essentially just, greatly blame him for this.

Doe probably would acquire merit in Hornaday's eyes for his capture of Bill. But there were one or two things, Bill rather thought, that Doe didn't know. One of them had to do with the car Bill had left, a mile or so out of town, when he entered Laketon to reconnoitre. Nor was it certain that Doe knew why Bill had turned up in Laketon at all, and at a moment that must have made his appearance singularly disconcerting to Hornaday and his intimates.

AS the car moved Bill kept his eyes open. He had to think hard for a moment to remember something; his mind was not as yet functioning in quite a normal fashion. How many turns from the tracks—? Oh—he remembered—the third left turn! He watched the side streets. Two—close together, right in town. Then a long stretch—two or three roads coming in at the right, none at the left. And then, at last, the feeling of the brakes—and the car turning to the left, swinging into the very road Bill had marked down. So far—rather better than well. Because Bill wasn't after all the friendless and solitary adventurer Doe perhaps imagined him to be. Not if he knew anything about the people he had left waiting in the car.

It wasn't a bit hard for Bill to affect a rather complete indifference to his surroundings when the car stopped and Doe, with a friendly hand under his elbow, helped him down. It wasn't easy to walk; his head still swam, and he had that sense of uncertainty about what his legs were going to do that one feels after a heavy blow on the head.

have. It was, Bill observed with relief, a room at the front of the house to which Doe introduced him; a room, therefore, the window of which must command a view of the road. Bill didn't mind at all the bars that guarded that window.

"Hungry?" Doe asked. "I can have them get you something—"

"No, thanks—thirsty, though," said Bill. "If I could have plenty of water—?"

"Sure! You'll want it, after that crack on the head. If I were you I'd turn in and sleep—"

"Look here!" Bill sat down on the bed; his voice was both persuasive and determined. "You can't get away with this. And you seem to be a decent sort of chap."

"I haven't of course," Doe said pensively, "the slightest idea of what you mean. And still—assuming I were trying to get away with something, I think I could—and would—and shall!"

"No," said Bill. "The cards are stacked against you. Know why I'm here?"

"Not the slightest idea!" said Doe. "Stopped for a spare tire for your airplane, maybe!"

"Occur to you to wonder why Hornaday made such a quick get-away with the Governor?"

There was just the faint flicker of expression in the other's eyes that was needed to convince Bill that that shot had gone home.

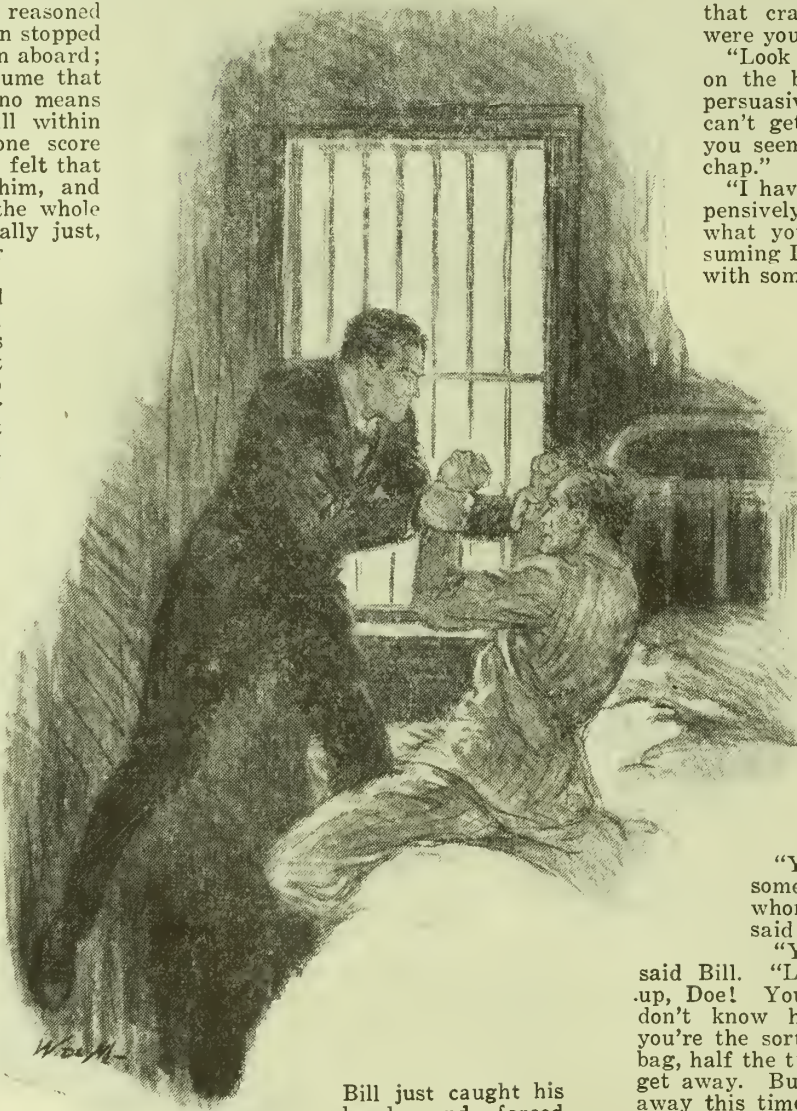
"You keep on speaking of some one called Hornaday—whom you seem to dislike," said Doe. "Now I—"

"You're not in court—yet," said Bill. "Let's lay our cards face up, Doe! You're not a bad chap. I don't know how much you know—you're the sort that's left holding the bag, half the time, while the big crooks get away. But—no one's going to get away this time."

"Man alive! Your man Hornaday kidnaps Governor Winston! As if that weren't bad enough he hires someone to impersonate him—and you to look after the impersonator, among others! You didn't know I'd spotted that masquerade the other night—or I suppose you and your little pals would have put me out then, wouldn't you?"

"Decline to answer," said Doe. "I don't know what you're talking about—if I did I might say you were too clever by half and still not quite clever enough!"

"All right—have it your own way. Just the same—this thing isn't going through. Too many people know about



Bill just caught his hands and forced him backward and down upon the bed

"This way," said Doe, after a Negro servant—a sight sufficiently rare in that country to attract attention—had admitted them to a big, rambling house, a house that made Bill think at once of a hospital or a sanitarium. He led the way through a big hall to a straight flight of steps and to the second floor. Numerous doors stood open; most of them permitted a glimpse of an iron bed—unmade, with only the mattress showing—and precisely the sort of furniture a hospital room would

how you kidnaped the Governor from that train at Butte—and how you've kept him a prisoner since then. I'll admit it looks pretty good for you just now—when the Governor, after I found him, pushed me off the train and left me for you to pick up! But that'll come out in the wash—which is more than your little game will. You'd better be good, Doe."

Doe shook his head.
"You're a good talker," he said. "You ought to be able to make money selling Los Angeles building lots."

Bill stared, and the other laughed.
"I didn't memorize it, but some of our friends have your record from the time you started kindergarten," he said. "And if this is an experience meeting—might I advise you not to go about on trains getting so interested in good-looking young women that you alter all your plans and get mixed up in something that doesn't concern you?"

"Sure you might—and jolly good advice it is, too—even if it is a bit late!"
"Well—it's not too late to butt out, even if you did butt in—"

Bill shook his head.
"Oh, yes," he said, "I'm afraid it is! Too late, I mean. Too late for Hornaday to get by with a whole skin, too, I'm afraid. But you've got a chance. Come clean, Doe—tell me what you know and come over to the right side."

Doe stood up and looked at him.
"It would be made worth my while, I suppose?" he said.

Bill grinned.
"Sorry—but I'm not going to try to bribe you!" he said. "So you can't pull any heroics—if that's what you want! Immunity from criminal prosecution's about the best I can promise you—and by tomorrow I can't promise you that, probably."

"Fine!" said Doe. "When I start something I usually finish it. Good night. There'll be breakfast in the morning."

His departure left Bill far from inconsolable. He couldn't quite place Doe; he might be an important man on the other side, or he might not. But he was, Bill thought, supplied with the raw material of an uncomfortable night. Just how uncomfortable, of course, must depend upon how much he knew and how greatly his own fortunes were involved with Hornaday's.

As for Bill, he expected the night before long to become interesting. He had left, when he went into Laketon, a car containing Barbara Winston, Jerry Wayne, who had been employed by Hornaday but had switched sides for reasons, Bill believed, not unconnected with Barbara, and Chuck, that incorruptible ex-convict who served, as chauffeur, the Governor who had freed him from prison by a pardon.

Winston, held in the very house that now imprisoned Bill, had managed, early that same day, to call his own house by telephone, and gasp out part of a message to his daughter. It was that message, with its then cryptic reference to the third left turn beyond the tracks in Laketon, that had brought them. Bill had left the others in the car to look over the ground—and had been shocked and amazed to see Governor Winston, seemingly quite of his own free will, enter Hornaday's private car at the Laketon station just as it was attached to the west-bound Limited. And Winston, when Bill tried to make him leave the train, had simply knocked him from it.

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The whole tortuous course of events had by that time, however, carried Bill past the point of basing his judgments upon ordinary processes of reasoning. He realized by now that behind Winston's queer behavior was something profoundly mysterious; that here was a man so torn by conflicting fears and wishes that to judge him superficially was impossible. His state believed in him; so did his daughter. And Bill, from a skepticism about him that had reduced him to his desire to shield Barbara for a reason for going on with the business at all, had come to believe that somehow Winston was going to justify himself. And this belief had survived even that blow as he clung to the platform of the moving train.

Wayne and the others had let him go reluctantly; the understanding had been that if he did not return within an hour they were to assume that something had happened. They knew about the third turn from the main road—and by this time, Bill thought, probably knew a good deal more. He had a lot of liking for and confidence in Wayne. And he didn't really expect to spend the night in bed—which was why he didn't fully undress, but lay down and pulled up a blanket.

Either he was more tired than he had realized, or the blow on the head that had stunned him was still making itself felt—in any case, Bill did what he was sure he wasn't going to do; he went sound asleep. And he awoke with a start, with only the fact that moonlight was coming through his window now, when the last time he had been aware of anything he had seen it on the other side of the building, to give him a clue to the passage of time.

He had heard something to awaken him; that much was certain. But five minutes of listening with strained attention convinced him that the sound, whatever it had been, had ceased or had not been repeated. It might have had significance; it might not. He couldn't know. He got up, went to the window, and looked out. But he saw nothing. The neighborhood was lonely; the road ran through fields that stretched bare and white in the moonlight; there was no cover at all save for a row of trees planted for shade just inside the fence that enclosed the building that sheltered him. No car was in sight, certainly. And the house was profoundly still.

He tried his door, tentatively; it was, as he had supposed it would be, locked. The bars of the windows weren't perhaps really formidable, but Bill was not experienced in breaking out of such places; they served their turn, so far as he was concerned, even though he had a feeling that Chuck, for example, would regard them with contempt.

Bill was wide awake by this time; the thought of trying to sleep again came to him, only to be dismissed. He had heard something in his sleep; he was sure of that. And it must have been, he argued out of an extremely limited knowledge of modern psychology, some sound for which he had subconsciously been listening: a motor, the voice of someone he knew.

The idea of being confined, of being under restraint, irked him suddenly. He could open his window, and did. And he tried the bars one by one. They were firmly set, so that he could not shake them at all. He grew more and more angry as the silent moments passed. And then the faintest of sounds behind him made him jump; he

turned, and saw that his door was open and that framed in it and the faint light that was in the hall stood Doe in pajamas.

"Restless?" said Doe. "I am myself—can't seem to stay asleep. Mind if I come in?"

"Oh, no—please do!" said Bill, and laughed half hysterically. "For heaven's sake—how long is this tom-foolishness going on?"

"Not so long, if you ask me," said Doe. He came in and sat down on the bed. He held out a cigarette case, and Bill and he were both in a moment smoking. "You know, Patterson—this thing is getting pretty thick."

Bill considered him carefully, and for some moments said nothing at all. He liked this chap; his countenance was open; he was not like Hornaday's man Garvin, a congenital sneak. But on the other hand Bill's bump of suspicion had developed amazingly in the last few days; his mood was one in which he attributed guile to every living creature.

"Well," he said finally, "you've stirred this soup yourself—some." His tone grew belligerent. "If you've got anything to say I'll listen."

"I—hang it—I don't know what I'm going to do—or want to do!" Doe smiled his pleasant, rather infectious smile. "Naturally, if I knew what I wanted to do I'd just do it! But I think—yes, I know what I shall do—up to a point. I shall tell you the whole thing as I know it. I don't know whether that'll enlighten you at all or not—or whether you'll feel like checking up as I go along by telling me things you know that I don't. Well, see."

"Fair enough," said Bill. "I've been wondering how you got a stack in this game. It doesn't—somehow, you don't seem quite cut out for it."

"Oh, I'm just the run of the mill," said Doe. "My real name, by the way, is Kent—Arthur Kent. I'm a traffic man for Hornaday's short line. And I'll start by saying that this Governor of yours may be the cat's pajamas and all that but that what he doesn't know about a railway would fill three rate schedules. This commission of his was just naturally starving us to death. I don't blame the boss one bit for deciding something had to be done."

"Fair enough—again," said Bill. "I never saw a fight yet where there weren't two sides—except, of course, the ones I've started myself."

"Well, that's as it may be. We were getting a raw deal—you'll have to assume that I really believe that, and that Hornaday does, and all of us who knew anything about the situation. The way I figured it Winston was out for himself—the Senate and the White House maybe, too, and that he didn't care what he did to us so long as he boosted his own game and made votes. I wouldn't have voted for him for dog catcher myself. I didn't know him at all before this circus came to town, except by sight."

"Now, how things got started and what really was behind the things I know, I don't know at all. The big boss sent for me a while back and told me about the stunt on the train—how Winston was to be chucked off. If it hadn't been snowing, by the way, they were going to stop the train—it was pretty well worked out. I was one of the reception committee."

"Oh!" said Bill. "I heard you, then."

"I heard you, too—but the rest of them said I was crazy. If they'd let me play my hunch and go after you things might have been different. You've chucked a good-sized wrench into the machinery, one time and another. Anyway—pass that. All I knew was that we were to take care of Winston, and that someone was going to take his place as Governor for a piece. It sounded nutty to me, but all I had to do was obey orders—and, as I say, my opinion of Winston was down to zero.

"We found him, sitting up in the snow, waiting for us. He expected us—he wasn't surprised a bit. And that gave me furiously to think, as the frogs used to say—remember? We brought him straight here—that is, when I say straight, I mean as straight as was convenient. Hand-car for a while—we had one off the track. Then specials—and we did a good deal of criss-crossing from one road to another. The big boss joined us a few hours out of here, and he and Winston sort of laughed when they met, and shook hands, and then went into a stateroom together and talked.

"Then I got the detail to watch Winston's house and the bird who was planted there—and I trailed you, as you know. You fooled me, too—I hand you that. I thought I got even with you when I trailed you up that mountain later, after you and Galloway had pulled our Governor out and got him away. But that yellow pup—! Well, you know more about him than I do, I guess. I don't know the whole scheme, you see—that's one reason I'm talking to you. But whatever part of it depended on that lad went blooie when I blew a tire at eighty miles an hour on my motor-bike and he got away from me. Hurt? Me? Hell, no! About the way you were when you fell off that train. We were born to be hung, I guess.

"So I came back here—seeing it wasn't a healthy locality for me around the capital any longer. Winston had the run of this place—except he wasn't to be seen. And if I ever saw a man who was perfectly happy to let things ride he was it. Until yesterday morning. He heard something then—God knows how! He must have seen some one, out back—he could wander around back of the shack all he pleased. Anyway, he went out after breakfast, and he came back like a wild man. I was in charge, more or less, and he told me to get him back to the capital quick.

"I told him I couldn't do anything like that, of course, and for a minute I thought he was going to crown me. I tell you—he was stark mad for a while! Not angry—just a plain lunatic! Then he calmed down and laughed, and said to forget it. But that didn't fool me—I watched him. At that, he got to the telephone and it was just dumb luck that I caught him at it—I didn't know he'd found the key to the room it was in. I didn't take time to go after him. I saw him through a window, and I just naturally cut the wire and hoped he hadn't got whoever he wanted. Later I found out he'd been trying to get his house—

"So you cut the wire?" said Bill. "We wondered about that."

"I knew he'd reached you," said Kent. "Me—I got hold of the big boss, and he came on right away—was coming, anyway. And they had a great row—you

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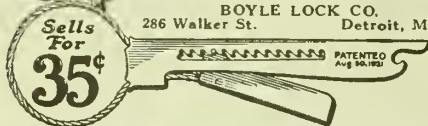
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could hear them all over the place. But they calmed down and were as thick as thieves before they quit—and went off together, just as you saw. Where—I don't know. Why—I don't know. Only I do know this—that Winston wasn't half as satisfied as the boss thought he was. He's playing some deep game.”

“Well?” said Bill. “I knew most of this—and what I didn't know I could guess. You've got something in the hole still.”

Kent was silent for a full minute, thinking.

“I'm worried,” he said then. “You know that—know that's why I'm talking to you. I wasn't quite frank just now. I know who Winston saw yesterday morning before he went—well, berserk. He did, you know—he was a primitive animal for about five minutes, and it's something to see a man do that.”

“Well?” said Bill. “Who did he see?”

“Mrs. Hornaday—the boss's wife,” said Kent. “She didn't want to be seen coming, but after all, it's been my business lately to see people who didn't want to be seen, and I got to be quite good at it—for a man who's theoretically a gentleman. They had a long talk, and she cried a lot and seemed to be frightfully upset. And I could see that he was frightfully worked up, too—you know the way the veins in a man's forehead stand out when he's trying to hold himself in and he's stood about all he can? Then she went away, not knowing of course that I'd seen her, and he stood and watched her—and then he came in and went for me. Now—what can you make of that?”

“That's all, is it?”

“Lord— isn't it enough—with the rest? It's not so much—I guess I thought you could fill it out, maybe, when I got my hunch to talk to you.”

Bill shook his head.

“Trouble is—what we know might mean so many different things!” he said. “A love affair—”

“It's not just that—that by itself, I mean,” said Kent. “It's hard to explain this—those two might have been in love—they may be in love—but they weren't working at it when I saw them, if you get me. It wasn't why they were together. Winston tried to comfort her—I think he put his arm about her shoulders once. But he might have been her father—then. And still—I did get the feeling that there was something between them—something darned big—”

“Tell me about Mrs. Hornaday.”

“I don't know anything about her. I've met her—and that's about all. She's younger than Hornaday—they've been married about five years. They don't get along, of course—everyone knows that.”

“I didn't,” said Bill. “How do you mean?”

Kent shrugged his shoulders.

“No woman could get along with Hornaday,” he said. “No woman could stand for him—and keep her own self-respect. He—well, I'm not prudish, or thin-skinned, and I suppose you're not. But there are certain limits—and Hornaday goes beyond them. He's not immoral, exactly—he simply hasn't any morals, in the ordinary sense. He really comes about as close to the Nietzsche superman as any man I ever saw—he seems to think he's beyond good and evil—that he is a law for himself.”

“He acts that way—but I've seen him put his tail between his legs,” said Bill, with considerable satisfaction. “I can

see how you felt though, Kent. What do you figure on doing next? Young Wayne was in your fix, too—know him?”

“Jerry Wayne? Sure—good kid! He was scheduled to go right through the works—his father's a big man, you know.”

“I didn't know it—sized it up that way, though. Well—he told Hornaday where he got off. You ready to follow suit?”

“No—not yet, anyway,” said Kent. “I—well, I got used to obeying orders and I guess I'm due to stick for a while—”

Bill nodded. He got up—he had been sitting in a chair by the window—and walked toward the door. With his back to it he stood looking at Kent on the bed.

“All right,” he said, in a changed voice. “My parole was just till I got here, wasn't it?”

“Sure—here—don't try to start anything—”

Kent was up, vaguely alarmed. But Bill just grinned at him.

“Sit down,” he said. “We don't want any trouble. You're good—but I outweigh you forty pounds. I could put you out—but I'd hate to do it. And—I'm going to get dressed now and go out of this room, and leave you in it—and you're not going to do a thing to stop me.”

“You are—like hell!” Kent sprang as he spoke, but Bill just caught his hands and forced him backward and down upon the bed. Kent was absolutely no match for him; in a moment he stopped struggling.

“Be good!” said Bill. “You had me—and I took what was coming to me. Now it's your turn. No need for us to mess things up. I'm beginning to see daylight—thanks to what you've told me. It's not what I'd call clear, but I feel a whole lot less like a raving lunatic than I did before. There's some chance, anyway, of clearing this thing up now.”

“I guess you're right at that,” said Kent. “You darned gorilla—cripe, my wrists aren't ever going to be the same again!”

He sat, completely quiescent and amiable, and watched Bill while he dressed.

“I report to Hornaday, of course,” he said after a time. “I'm yielding to superior force—”

“Go as far as you like—I don't intend to avoid Hornaday myself exactly. He'll know I'm loose, if that's all that's worrying you.”

“It isn't,” said Kent, frankly. “However, that's neither here nor there. Going? Good luck!”

XVII

BILL walked down stairs quietly. He was on the balls of his feet; his hand clutched the automatic that Kent had never bothered to take away from him. He didn't distrust Kent exactly, but on the other hand he didn't trust him either. Indeed, his trust in the human race as a whole, with startlingly few exceptions, was at a very low stage indeed. And there might be people prowling about downstairs.

He saw no indication of anything of the sort, however. A dim light burned in the center of the long corridor on the ground floor but, as he went down the stairs he heard no sound. Until

suddenly, at the very foot of the stairs, something stopped him and he stood still, breathless, listening. What he heard, though, brought a smile to his lips in a moment; it was nothing but the gnawing of a mouse, busy somewhere in the wainscoting. An active mouse though, and a determined one. He went on toward the big double doors.

Half way across the hall toward them he stopped again. For now, while he still heard the gnawing sound, he saw something, too—and something no mouse could have left for him to see. A little pile of sawdust below the door. Fascinated, his eyes went upward, following the course of a minute stream of particles of sawdust that still fell and he saw a long, pointed saw edge working through the wood—like a steel snake's tongue. Just for a moment he was startled and alarmed. Then he grinned. He was in his stockinged feet still; his shoes swung in his hand. And he slipped silently across to the door and with a sudden movement unlocked and flung it open.

As he did that a crouching, masked figure sprang back with an oath of alarm.

"Chuck!" Bill whispered. "Shut up—it's all right!"

"Cheest!" said the indignant Chuck. "How'd you get out? I was on my way in to have a look see."

"Never mind—where's the car?"

"Down the road a piece. Say—I'd have had that lock cut right out in five minutes more—"

"Sure you would. But you mustn't dwell on your professional pride now, Chuck. Let's beat it back to the others—quick—"

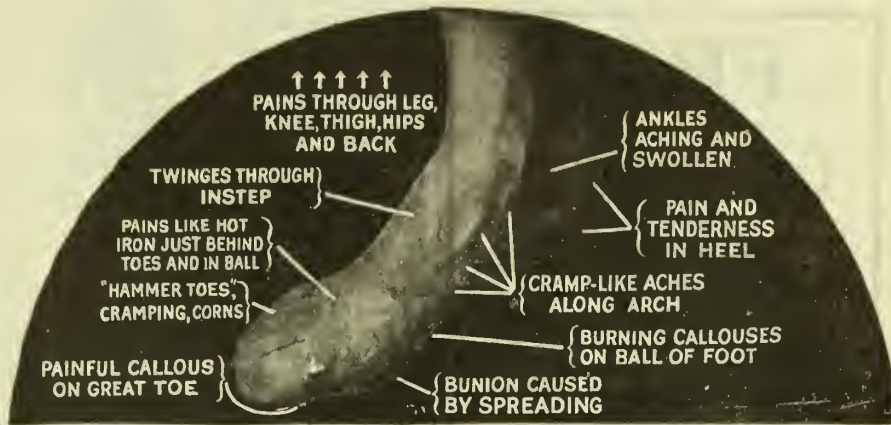
"Sure!" Chuck straightened up; took off his mask, folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. He took his saw apart, too, and Bill saw that this was an instrument or tool that could be carried, at need, in one's waistcoat pocket. On the whole, Bill felt it would be just as well if this story about Chuck's equipment and special knowledge for certain sorts of work did not get abroad; it would, Bill thought, help neither him nor his employer.

"Have to croak anyone?" Chuck asked amiably, as he fell into step beside Bill.

"Not yet," said Bill. This sort of thing, he decided, wasn't good for Chuck. It was perhaps like getting a reformed drunkard, just released from a cure, a job as a bartender. Chuck naturally couldn't be expected to have a real moral sense. And at that thought Bill laughed, silently but uproariously, so that Chuck looked at him curiously. Who was he, Bill Patterson—who was anyone mixed up in this mad jusiness to judge the morals of anyone else involved!

He did a good deal of thinking as he and Chuck walked along. Some of it was in a way subconscious. He didn't altogether like the way things were going. They were too easy. Kent was probably all right—but suppose he turned out to be the sort who liked to play with people? This was still dangerous ground, that was certain, whether Kent's good faith could or could not be trusted.

But most of all Bill speculated about the new factor the introduction of Hornaday's wife represented. What was her relation to Winston? Bill could think of a dozen theories now;



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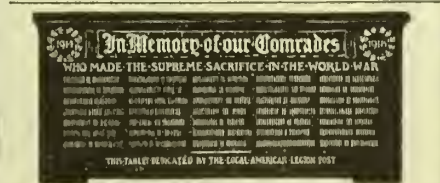
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the trouble was that he couldn't sift them; that he had not facts enough to enable him to choose one of them and, for the time at least, assume it to be true while he tried it out.

It wasn't at all surprising to face the possibility that some secret emotional experience had had its part in Winston's queer behavior; indeed, Bill had for some time without any facts at all to go on, been inclining to some such belief. Barbara had given no hint that anything of the sort was in her father's life—but then Barbara might very well be the last person alive to suspect such a thing. And except for what everyone who reads the newspapers knows about every man in public life, all of Bill's slender store of knowledge of Winston had come from Barbara. Galloway had told him nothing. But Galloway knew; Bill was ready to bet money on that—and that he could make him tell, too, if and when he found him again.

Somehow Bill felt that he knew and understood Hornaday better for his talk with Kent. The man's stature had diminished, in the oddest way, in Bill's sight. He was, to see, such a magnificent brute; so big, so strong, so primitive. But through the little Kent had said of him, Kent's contempt for him had shown pretty plainly—mingled though it was with a sort of compelled and reluctant admiration. Queer thing, Bill reflected—the way men like Hornaday allow their passions to complicate and spoil their lives, their careers, their chance to amount to something in the world.

His thoughts were wandering; they followed that trail into the broad field of women in general. And Bill shook his head. Women made a lot of trouble. Look at his own case! He was in this thing up to his neck because of Barbara Winston—because, really, she'd been a silly little idiot and had thought he was

trying to flirt with her. While the truth was that he'd been tickled to death to find that she and Jerry Wayne were obviously interested in each other.

He liked Barbara now as much as he had at first disliked her. And he was glad there couldn't be any foolishness about their friendship. That was the worst of this woman business—you wanted just to be friends sometimes and it was so darned near impossible.

"There's the car—" Chuck's voice interrupted his thoughts.

They must have been seen just as they themselves saw the car. For the next moment there was a rush of flying feet, and before he realized what was happening Bill felt soft arms about his neck and warm lips on his cheek. It was Barbara.

"Bill—oh, Bill—are you all right? I've been so worried—I've been nearly crazy—"

"Hello—hello!" he said. "Sure I'm all right! Fine as silk! Let's get going, though—I don't believe this neighborhood's going to be any too healthy when it gets light—"

She clung to his arm as they moved on toward the car. Wayne hadn't been far behind her, and he was grinning his broad, slow grin. And then suddenly they all stopped. From beside the road came a faint cry, a groan. It was Chuck who first reached a woman who sat, huddled, on a flat rock.

"You'll have to help me—I've hurt my ankle frightfully," she said. "And I've been here for hours—"

Bill was startled. The voice was a cultivated, soft voice; the voice of a woman of breeding and refinement. And then Barbara cried out in amazement.

"Mrs. Hornaday!" she cried. "Mrs. Hornaday—!"

(To be continued)

Too Easy Marks

(Continued from page 4)

ing presses added a few ciphers to the denominational values, and the waste paper business picked up. Paper factories, even in Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, found it profitable to buy paper marks of various denominations by the carload in order to turn them into pulp and then back into paper.

So low did the mark fall that at the end of last year, when almost 500 quintillions had been issued, a carload of million-mark bills was worth as waste paper about a thousand times as much as its nominal value at the prevailing rate of exchange—about four trillion marks to the dollar. Long before this point was reached notes of one, two and five marks had gone out of circulation because they were of too infinitesimal value to be worth the time necessary for counting them, but they sold for something when gathered together in bulk and sold by the pound to take the place of cellulose. So, with the aid of the junk men, the German treasury got rid of a note issue which had supported Germany's whole budget for two years after the Armistice.

This inflation method of "redeeming" marks still continues. It is robbery for those who acquired paper marks or credits in paper marks through hard labor, good money or commodities; for the German industrialists, bankers *et al*

it has now proved a veritable El Dorado.

What a weird mixture of tragedies and comedies, of wild and topsy-turvy finance, has accompanied this blowing up of the mark. For example:

German printing presses in a two-day period last year turning out more paper marks than were issued during the four years of the war. Hugo Stinnes is worth hundreds of times more in property and real money invested and hidden abroad than the present day value of all the paper money the German government's presses have printed since the establishment of the empire. A Munich beggar who made a specialty of asking alms of foreigners, arrested as a speculator in foreign currency, while Stinnes and thousands of others rode about in automobiles.

Paper-marked Germany preferring paper dollars to American gold pieces, because paper can be more easily transported and hidden than gold. The German people become a nation of dollar chasers who are forever asking about the ever-changing value of paper marks in terms of the dollar—"Wie steht der dollar?" Safes, in German banks and business houses, full of neat packages of American paper dollars, while bundles of paper marks lie around like so much waste paper.

A New York girl who wanted to be

a millionaire, paying two years ago \$800 for a million marks that she could now buy for less than a cent. A German-American who invested \$10,000 in German municipal bonds in 1919, finding after the deluge of paper marks that his bonds were practically worthless. A Jewish peddler in New York called a cheap thief by a magistrate and sentenced to ten days in the workhouse for charging twenty cents for 10,000 paper marks. Four cases of trillions of marks, ranging in denomination from 10,000 to 100 billions, valued at \$500 when received in New York months ago and today worth in the neighborhood of \$0.00.

Essen banks loaning money at the rate of five percent a day, that is, at the rate of 1,800 percent a year. German menus and wine cards showing moderate prices, but those prices to be multiplied by such a figure as 100,000,000 to determine the prices in depreciated currency. An ordinary meal in a German restaurant costing billions of marks, not including the tip, which amounts to ten figures. A billion mark note, which before the war would have been \$250,000,000, now nothing but small change to be given to waiter, beggar or newsboy.

A Saxon farmer's widow selling a calf for 1,000,000 marks and finding six months later that the million she had carefully saved would buy only a herring. A Berliner refusing to pick up a 1,000,000-mark note because the week before he had stooped for such a bill and in the act lost a suspender button which it cost him 5,000,000 marks to replace.

A leather factory issuing shoe soles to its workers for wages. Berlin hold-up men taking a victim's foreign currency but disdaining to bother with his paper marks. A Düsseldorf hotel proprietor, who long complained that the French occupation was ruining him, spending a million francs for champagne in Paris and an equal sum for clarets in Bordeaux to restock his wine cellars. The German police offering the equivalent of ten cents for the murderer of a taxicab driver, forty cents for the slayer of a nurse and \$5 for the man who killed a merchant on a Frankfurt-Berlin train.

German asylums receiving victims of

Get On the Billboards

NATIONAL advertisers don't sell their goods by placing a one-inch announcement in the newspapers. A Legion post can't sell membership to non-Legionnaires by running a one-inch announcement in the locals column of its community's daily or weekly newspaper.

Follow the billboard route of the advertisers and of the circus when it comes to town! National Headquarters has a membership billboard poster—9 x 21 feet—that eligibles cannot fail to see. Two foot letters in red and blue read "Oh Buddy! There's Room for Us All," and underneath is the statement, "If you have the privilege of membership in The American Legion, get on the dotted line."

Tell the non-member veterans in your town about the Legion. The posters, which cost eighty-six cents plus delivery charges, are ready for immediate shipment. Address orders to the National Emblem Division, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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Stylish Spring Top Coat

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Send only \$1 with the coupon for this double purpose Top Coat on approval. All the style well dressed men want combined with rainproof qualities. A garment you will be proud to wear every day this spring. Our \$19.95 price proves it a real bargain.

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Exceptional fine quality in a stylish well tailored top coat. The wool gabardine material is thoroughly proofed so that this coat answers both purposes of a top coat and a raincoat. Smart double breasted model with raglan shoulders, convertible collar, swagger patch pockets with flaps and belt all around fastening with two buttons. Inverted plait in back giving plenty of fullness. Has genuine silk serge yoke lining and all seams are piped. Average length 44 inches. A well-tailored top coat at an exceptionally low price. Sizes for men and young men from 34 to 46. Rich tan shade.

Order by No. S-3. \$1.00 cash with order. \$3.20 monthly. Total \$19.95.

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The Elmer Richards way makes it easy for you to be well dressed. Pay for this Top Coat while wearing it. Payments so small you'll never miss them—money back if not satisfied. No extra charge for credit. Open a charge account on our easy payment plan. Send coupon and only \$1 now.

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Enclose \$1. Send Gabardine

Top Coat No. S-3. Size

If I am not satisfied when I receive the coat I can return it and get my \$1 back. Otherwise, I will pay advertised terms, \$1 with coupon, \$3.20 monthly. Total price, \$19.95.

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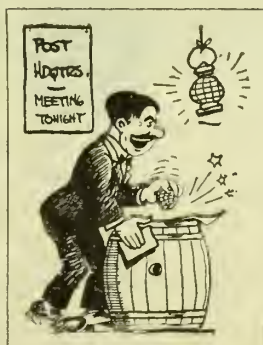
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Examination questions; (2) List of
Government jobs now obtainable; (3)
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"mark madness," one of them spending all his time figuring, with a special fondness for multiplying zeros by zeros in an attempt to make both ends meet. Men and women of the ruined middle classes driven to suicide when their fixed annual incomes, once sufficient to support them in comfort, were not enough to buy a loaf of bread.

While Germany has been alleging to the world her inability to pay reparations the government has been squandering systematically billions of gold marks at home. Its unbalanced budgets have provided for extravagant expenditures on subsidies and other items. The government has paid an important part of the German people's bread and coal bills, and it has appropriated money to meet the annual deficits of the postal service and railroads, greatly overstaffed as are all branches of the government. Since the war new steam and electric lines have been built, canal

systems have been extended, ports on the seacoast and inland on rivers and canals have been improved with government funds, and the German merchant marine has been rebuilt, thanks to a subsidy of more than twelve billion gold marks, at a rate of 500,000 tons per year as against an annual average of 300,000 tons for 1911, '12 and '13.

Although the Treaty of Versailles provided that Germany's taxation should equal that of the Allies, at no time have her taxes lived up to this provision. Taxation in defeated Germany has been far less than in victorious France and England.

Billions of good money have got into German hands through inflation of the mark, and these billions have gone to the favored of Germany, industrialists like the late Hugo Stinnes, bankers, speculators and profiteers. The experts' reparation plan was drawn up with this fact in mind.

Rules for the Third Annual American Legion National Essay Contest

Subject: "Why Communism Is a Menace to Americanism"

PRIZES: The American Legion National Scholarship Prizes:

First prize, \$750.
Second prize, \$500.
Third prize, \$250.

First prize in each state will be a silver medal; Second prize, a bronze medal; Third prize, a certificate of merit issued by National Headquarters of the Legion. The cash prizes will be used only towards scholarships in colleges designated by the winners.

RULES: All girls and boys between the ages of 12 and 18, inclusive, are eligible to enter this contest.

Only one essay to a person.
Essays will not be over 500 words in length.

Only one side of paper to be used. A margin of one inch must be allowed on either side of the paper.

After essay is completed, paper should be neatly folded—not rolled.

Spelling, penmanship and neatness will be considered in judging the winner.

Age will also be given full consideration.

DATE: All essays must be received at a place designated by the County Superintendent of Schools not later than midnight of June 15, 1924.

COUNTY JUDGES: The County Superintendent of Schools is asked to select three judges for his county, whose duty it will be to judge the one best essay for their respective county. The Americanism officer of the county shall co-operate in every way with the Superintendent of Schools and the judges of the contest.

The winning essay of that county should be forwarded to the Department Americanism Chairman of The American Legion not later than midnight of July 10, 1924.

DEPARTMENT JUDGES: The State Superintendent or School Commissioner of the State Schools will be asked to select three judges for their state. The duties of the state judges will be to select the three best essays from the winners in the counties of the state.

These essays shall be forwarded to the National Americanism Director of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana, not later than midnight of August 10, 1924.

These essays shall be classified first, second and third.

The national winners will be announced a few weeks after August 10, 1924, by the national judges, whose names will be announced later.

At the end of each essay, the following pledge must be signed:

"I hereby pledge my word of honor that I have written this essay myself. I am years old."

(Signed) Name of Contestant

Street Address

Town

Date

Then and Now

(Continued from page 11)

The old Levi is again in overseas service—not as a transport, but as the largest and finest trans-Atlantic passenger ship afloat, and a picture of her would be just the finest thing in the world to adorn the walls of a post's rooms. First come, first served, of course, as long as the Company Clerk's supply lasts.

Mr. De Young Sees It Through

(Continued from page 10)

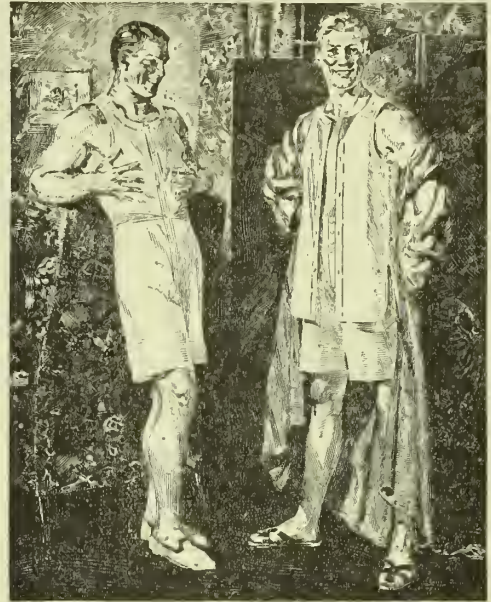
did odd jobs around Detroit whenever he could find one. Employers were unwilling to put him on their payrolls because of the Employers' Liability Law. Occasionally he would work for a week as a mechanic in a garage. Then the strenuousness of the task would overcome him. He tried for other jobs, but with small success. Fortune seemed to have turned completely against him. He was down. But, with all the reverses, he wasn't beaten. Neither was Elizabeth.

At this point De Young's case was brought to the attention of Theodore W. Kolbe, adjutant of the Michigan Department of the Legion. Kolbe investigated and found De Young and his wife and child living in one room in a shack along the Detroit River. The home boasted three chairs, a rickety davenport on which the entire family slept, and a few cooking utensils. There was no fuel for the stove, and the "home," although as neat as Mrs. De Young could keep it, was indescribably dreary. Kolbe came to the rescue with some personal funds. The Red Cross was notified. And the first of the series of 108 letters was written. A month later an increase of \$10 a month in compensation was secured. More letters. A check for back compensation was obtained. A demand on De Young for \$161.20 from the Veterans Bureau for "money he owed the United States Government" was turned back. And on January 10, 1923, De Young was awarded compensation in the sum of \$100 a month.

Since then Private George "Verdun" has been stepping upward. He now has a family of three to care for. Evelyn, the baby, is twenty months old. His \$100 compensation does not go far—but very much farther than eight dollars. It permits him to keep pace with his bills. And Elizabeth sees to it that a few dollars are added to the family bank account whenever the check arrives. The family has long since been established in a good home.

De Young is now working in Detroit garages. There is nothing spectacular about his efforts. But all that he earns goes into the fund which will soon enable him to realize the ambition that has carried him up. He wants a little ten-acre truck patch on the edge of the city, and a cottage. There, with Elizabeth's never-ending help and faith, he expects to rear his family. He has confided this plan to Kolbe and the deal for the farm has already been launched. Before the year is over De Young will be out there, sitting pretty for the first time since the G.I. can screamed over on that hectic day in June, 1918.

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I like
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best"



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The undersigned hereby makes application for membership

in the.....Post of The American Legion.
Fill in above name of Post you wish to join.

Name of Applicant.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

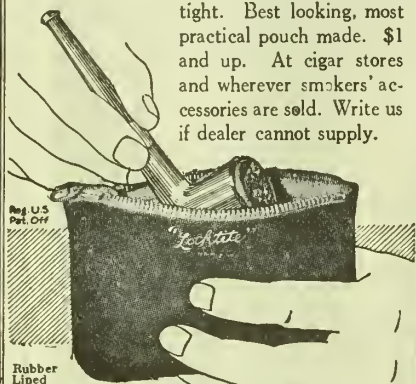
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Give above the organization last served in.

Applicant's Signature

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BURSTS and DUDS

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Mistakes Will Happen

First Bandit: "How's business?"
Second Bandit: "Rotten! I stuck up a guy this morning who looked to be a bootlegger and he turned out to be only a bank president."

Time Is Money

Note received by a clergyman:
"This is to let you know that me and Miss Sarah Gitlopiski are coming to your church on Saturday afternoon next to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be there promptly, as the cab is hired by the hour."

Nothing To It

"I just love flowers," she sighed as they approached a corner on which she knew there was a florist's. Her escort made no reply.

"But they are so hard to get," she went on, glancing sideways at him.

"Not at all," he replied. "I'll tell you how to get some easily."

"Oh, how?" ecstatically.
"Try pulling a loaded gun after you through a barbed-wire fence."

Purely Pro Tem

Lily: "So yo' done mortgaged our li' home?"

Mose: "Jes' temp-rarily, honey, till de mortgage am fo'closed."

Chesterfieldian

Skoit: "Just what is yer ideeh of a poifeck gempmun, Mr. Bimbleheit?"

Bim: "Bill Bings o' my ole outfit. He 'pologizes to central after cussin' her up."

Bliss

Mr. Egg: "There's a fellow unconscious in the next room."

Mr. Bimbo: "Great Scott! What happened?"

Mr. Egg: "He didn't wind up his alarm."

A Burst

"Yessir," asserted the official bootlegger of Homebrew Gulch, "this is jennywine blown-in-the-bottle hooch. I heard the explosion myself."

A Proud Record

"You here again after only eight months!" snorted the judge. "Didn't I give you a year the last time?"

"Ye did, yer honor," assented the prisoner, puffing out his chest, "but I had lots of time taken off for good behavior."

Auto Suggestion

Click: "A great light dawned upon him."
Clack: "And did he dodge the car in time?"

A Nonentity

Miss Paul: "Her affairs don't concern me."

Miss Pry: "She never did do anything worth gossiping about."

Natural

The inquisitive old lady was bending over the bed of a wounded soldier whose head was swathed with cotton and linen.

"Were you wounded in the head, my boy?" she asked.

"No'm," replied a faint voice. "I was shot in the foot and the bandage has slipped up."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1924.

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. D. CUSHING, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the GENERAL MANAGER OF THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher
LEGION PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

Editor, NONE.

Managing Editor: JOHN T. WINTERICH, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

General Manager: H. D. CUSHING, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

Business Manager, OTIS S. POWELL, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

2. That the owners are: THE AMERICAN LEGION, an organization of over 1,000,000 members. Holding corporation, THE LEGION PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

PRESIDENT, JOHN R. QUINN, Natl. Hdqts. American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

SECRETARY, RUSSELL G. CREVISTON, Natl. Hdqts. American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

TREASURER, ROBERT H. TYNDALL, Natl. Hdqts. American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE AMERICAN LEGION, Natl. Hdqts. American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stocks and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) H. D. CUSHING,
General Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of April, 1924.

(Signed) ROBERT W. COLLINS.
[SEAL.]
My Commission expires March 30, 1925.

How the Legion Fought for Justice

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LEGION LIBRARY

Book Service

BOOK SERVICE announces the addition of several interesting volumes. More books dealing with the World War will be added from time to time. For outfit histories and other books available, see other copies of the Weekly.

U. S. OFFICIAL PICTURES OF THE WORLD WAR. Both the Army and Navy editions, previously published, are combined in this volume. A carefully selected collection of more than two thousand official Signal Corps photographs giving a comprehensive pictorial history of all branches of the service and of all American activities of the World War. Farewell parades, troops in training, transports, familiar scenes in France and occupied Germany, actual battle scenes, battleships, destroyers, are all represented. In addition there are concise reports of the actions at Cantigny, Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne and other important operations. Non-combat arms covered. Brief statistical records of all combat divisions and complete final report of General Pershing. 930 pages, 9 x 11 inches. Orders will be accepted only until April 30th. Price: \$12.15.

THE MARNE, HISTORIC AND PICTURESQUE. By Joseph Mills Hanson, Capt., A. E. F. An instructive and fascinating story covering every mile of the Marne, foremost of the rivers of history. Beginning at its source south of Langres, stops are made at Chaumont (G. H. Q.), St. Dizier, Epernay, Château-Thierry, Meaux, towns which are closely bound to A. E. F. history. The book of 332 pages is illustrated with 50 drawings in sepia by Capt. J. Andre Smith, official artist of the A. E. F. Price: \$3.50.

FATHER DUFFY'S STORY. By Francis P. Duffy, Chaplain of the 165th Infantry, 42d Division. A living record of New York's "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" and of the Rainbow Division, by one of the outstanding padres of the World War. 353 pages. Special price: \$2.10.

THREE SOLDIERS. By John Dos Passos. A much-discussed book reciting one private soldier's reaction to military discipline. A forceful, outspoken arraignment of the restrictions placed on the enlisted man. 433 pages. Special price: \$1.65.

Prices listed are net and include packing and mailing charges. Send order with remittance to the Legion Library, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Co. C, 305TH INF.—Reunion dance at 77th Division Club, 27 W. 25th st., New York City, Apr. 26. Address T. Z. Painter, 27 W. 25th st., New York City.

ORDNANCE CLUB OF AMERICA.—Sixth annual banquet and reunion of all former ordnance men at Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, Ill., May 3. Address: Al Fryer, 419 W. 18th st., Chicago.

SEVENTH DIV. OFFICERS.—Reunion of former officers of the Seventh Div. at Atlanta, Ga., May 10. Address M. H. Sterne, Brown-Marx bldg., Birmingham, Ala.

46TH INF.—First reunion of former members on or about May 30. For particulars address Gordon Cumming, 1008 Odd Fellow bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

THIRD DIV.—Annual reunion of all former members of the division at Newark, N. J., July 11-13. Address S. F. Jaeger, Room, 409, City Hall, Newark.

CAMP ZACHARY TAYLOR, KY.—All veterans who served in this camp are invited to big Kentucky Home-Coming Celebration in Louisville, Ky., June 16-22. Special entertainment will be provided for World War veterans. For particulars address Judge James P. Gregory, comdr., Jefferson Post, Louisville.

56TH PIONEER INF. SUPPLY Co.—Former members interested in reunion in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4 and 5, address Charles S. Martin, 61 Broadway, New York City.

23d Co., SIXTH M. G. BN., U. S. MARINES.—Former members interested in reunion in New York City in June, address Leo A. Whalen, 21 S. Washington st., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

155TH INF., FIRST MISS., AND 140TH F. A.—Reunion at Jackson, Miss., Aug. 4-5, in conjunction with Dept. of Miss. Legion convention and Spanish-American War Veterans convention. Address C. L. McDonald, comdr., Henry H. Graves Post, Jackson.

FIRST Co., THIRD O. T. C. CAMP CUSTER, MICH.—All former members interested in reunion this fall, address Nelson L. Shultis, Andrus bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

You Can Make \$5000.00 a Year!

Yes, you, too, can make \$4000 to \$5000 a year—for we have openings right now in many of the best sections—openings that mean an independent income and all the good things of life—just as they have for Warren Cobb, J. C. Clark and C. H. Miller. A Coffield salesman is given *exclusive territory and protected* in it. He sells a product that makes good every claim—he has no competition, because it is not sold in stores. Coffield salesmen build up a permanent business for themselves—bigger and bigger year by year.

LET THESE MEN PROVE IT TO YOU



"\$657 In One Day"

"This week ends my sixth year selling Coffield Tire Protectors. My first week's sales amounted to \$131 for 17 Protectors. Since then I have sold as many as 77 in one week, and my largest single day's sales were 50, or \$675 worth. The present perfected quality and lower price make this product a very attractive selling proposition. The sale of just one set a day will make the salesman around \$50 a week."

JAY C. CLARK.



"Make Real Money"

"I have been a specialty salesman for the past ten years and can sincerely say that Coffield Tire Protectors do just what the manufacturer claims for them. They have made me more real friends than any other specialty I have been connected with for the past ten years. A salesman who will put in an honest day's work will make real money selling Coffield Tire Protectors."

C. H. MILLER.

"\$15,000 In 1 Year"

"I have been handling Protectors since last January. In that time I have sold close to \$15,000. It is the best device on the market for tire troubles. Every car owner is a prospect and needs them. You cannot make a mistake by taking the agency. There are two kinds of men handling Protectors. One waits for business—the other goes out after it, rain or shine. The first is a failure; the second a success."

WARREN COBB.

Coffield TIRE PROTECTOR



Prevents punctures, blow-outs, stone bruises and fabric breaks. Doubles the life of a tire. More than pays for itself on the first tire—can be used over and over again. Made only of pure live rubber—no fabric, no metal, no friction. Patented—so there can be nothing else like them. Sold under a three-year guarantee.

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Our big Spring Campaign is just beginning. Large commissions and monthly prizes. No capital required. Write today for catalog and price list.

Territory going fast—Act Quick—Write

The Coffield Tire Protector Company
625 Court Street, Dayton, Ohio

COLLIER'S

THE
NATIONAL
WEEKLY

A Veritable Dynamo Of New Power And Thought

1 year \$2.50
2 years \$4.00

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am glad of the opportunity to say that the platform which you enunciate is a real platform of progress. The problem is to develop concrete methods of constructive accomplishment in these directions. There is urgent need for action in every avenue which you outline. No one of them is perhaps more important than the other. My own immediate interest in the development of better standards of health through the American Child Health Association, the interest of this department in the proper development of power and transportation, the interest of the whole Administration in the solution of our agricultural problems, together with all my interest as a citizen in the other propositions, would impel me to be of every assistance to you in furtherance of these propositions in any way that I properly can.

Wishing you all success in your efforts,
Yours faithfully,
HERBERT HOOVER,
Department of Commerce, Washington,
D. C.

COLLIER'S recently published a plain statement of its aims, setting forth the most useful principles on which work may now be done for the growth of a greater and happier America.

Herbert Hoover, whose letter appears at the left, is only one of the many nationally prominent men and women who have given the Collier plan their wholehearted approval.

Reprints of the plan are available and will be sent without cost to Legionnaires and Legion Posts upon request. Write the editor at 416 West 13th Street, New York City.

Collier's, The National Week'y The American Magazine

Both to
one address . . \$4.00

Collier's, The National Weekly Woman's Home Companion

Both to
one address . . . \$3.25

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Now Hear Perfectly

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Operate a Tire Repair Shop
70,000,000 Tires in use. America's greatest opportunity for men with small capital. We furnish everything—\$100 and up. Easy payments. We train you FREE right at home. Start making money at once. Write today for Free Book of Opportunity.
Haywood Tire Equipment Co., 1355 S. Oakley, Chicago

Ford Given
Solve This Puzzle
12 21 3 11 25
20 15 23 9 14
Win 5000 Votes
What words do these numbers represent? The numbers in the squares represent letters of the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell three words. What are the words? Many Prizes and Cash Rewards. Get your share of these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Besides the Ford Touring Car 1 em going to give Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc., and Cash Rewards. Prizes duplicated in case of tie. 5000 Ford votes and full particulars sent as soon as your solution is received. Answer quick.
Duane W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 49, Chicago.

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IF YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE MONEY THIS MONTH

Sell the article of all articles which is seasonable. The Lundeen method gives you each month a new special—one which the public wants and eagerly buys. Write today stating month you will start to sell and get our wonderful offer. LUNDEEN PRODUCTS, B-200, Kansas City, Mo.

T A P S

The deaths of Legion Members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

DUGAL A. ALLEN, *Beaumont (Tex.) Post*, D. Mar. 24, aged 34. Served with Co. C, 23d Engrs.
ALICE E. BAIRD, *Rutland (Vt.) Post*, D. Feb. 26th in U. S. Marine Hosp., Norfolk, Va. Served as nurse.

ELMER BLUMER, *Meadors Post, Beresford, S. D.* D. Mar. 16, aged 33. Served with 119th Base Hosp.

DR. GEORGE L. BURKE, *Springfield (Mass.) Post*, D. Feb. 27, aged 39. Lieut. Col., commanding officer of Camp Hosp No. 33, Pontanzen, Brest, France.

ROY C. CANNON, *Martin Horn Post, Holdredge, Neb.* D. Feb. 12, aged 29. Served in Navy at Great Lakes, Ill.

CLAUDE EARL CONGER, *W. A. Bicket Post, Sibley, Ill.* D. Mar. 7 at Los Angeles, Cal., aged 31. Served with Co. B, 306th Engrs., 81st Div.

GILBERT N. ELLESTEAD, *Adams Post, Humboldt, Ia.* D. Mar. 15, aged 33. Served at Camp Pike, Ark.

EMIL FORSMAN, *Howard McCarty Post, Cambridge, Minn.* D. Mar. 26 at Asbury Hosp. No. 68, Minneapolis. Burial at Cambridge, aged 34. Served with Hq. Troop, Fifth Cavalry.

ARTHUR IMHOFF, *William W. Doud Post, Rochester, N. Y.* D. Mar. 14. Pvt., Bty. B, 309th F. A., 78th Div.

LAWRENCE E. JONES, *past commander, Hastings (Neb.) Post*, D. Mar. 18, aged 42. Capt., 366th Inf., 92d Div. Was captain of Hastings Post Girls Cadet Corps at National Convention in San Francisco in October, 1923.

WILLIAM KILLORAN, *Charles E. Nelson Post, Keyport, Wash.* D. Mar. 7 at Cushman Hosp., Tacoma.

ALFRED F. KUENNEN, *Edward E. Walker Post, St. Louis, Mo.* D. Jan. 26, aged 23. Served on U. S. S. Destroyer Woodbury.

SLAYTON J. STEWART, *Corporal Raymond C. Thoirs Post, Camden, N. J.* D. Feb. 29. Ensign, U. S. N. Air Service, instructor at Pensacola, Fla.

GEORGE DOANE SUMMERS, *Merrill L. Simonds Post, Palmer, Mass.* D. Mar. 22, aged 28. Served with 97th Co., 27th Bn., Engr. Corps, Camp Mills.

WILLIAM P. THURMAN, *Henry H. Houston, 2d Post, Germantown, Pa.* Died March 4th, aged 33. Burial at Eagleville, Pa. Served with Co. C, 304th Engineers, 79th Div.

FREDERICK H. WANK, *Warfield-Knebel Post, Star City, Ind.* D. Mar. 22 at Healthwin Hosp., South Bend, Ind. Served with Hq. Co., 144th Engrs.

WILLIAM L. WEIR, *San Benito Post, Hollister, Cal.* D. Mar. 15, aged 34. Served with 116th Engr. Trains, 41st Div.

THOMAS J. MCCLAUGHLIN, *Manchester (Vt.) Post*, D. Mar. 5 at East Dorset, Vt., aged 33. Served with 103d Inf., 26th Div.

GEORGE C. MAY, *Lonnie Boyd Post, Camp Kearney, Cal.* D. Mar. 17 at U. S. Vet. Hosp., Camp Kearney. Home address, San Diego, Cal. Sgt., Co. 4, 62d Inf., Sixth Div.

MAURICE MELNICK, *James S. Moore Post, Dounsaville, N. Y.* D. Jan. 29, aged 25.

RAYMOND FORD NICHOLLS, *C. H. Berry Post, Tamawua, Pa.* D. Mar. 16, aged 33. Sgt. 331st Labor Bn.

EVERETT NORTH, *Frank R. Stiles Post, North Adams, Mass.* D. Apr. 1 at U. S. Vet. Hosp., Rutland, Mass. Burial at North Adams. Served with Co. B, 39th Inf., Fourth Div.

CARTON F. OLSEN, *London (England) Post*, D. Jan. 26 at Gothenburg, Sweden, where he served with U. S. Shipping Board. Served as Lieut. Comdr., U. S. N., during war.

CHARLES NICHOLAS PERKINS, *Indiana Harbor (Ind.) Post*, Killed in auto accident Dec. 16, 1923, aged 28. Cpl., Co. A, Motor Bn., Ammun. Train, Second Div.

LOUIS PETERSON, *Harsch-Crisp-Seaman Post, Brockport, N. Y.* D. Mar. 27. Served with R. L. Bn.

PAUL B. PHINNEY, *William W. Wood Post, Falmouth, Mass.* D. Mar. 15 at U. S. Veterans' Hospital, Rutland, Mass., aged 36. Sgt., Supply Co., 102d F. A., 26th Div.

PERCY PINCH, *past commander, Thomas A. Levellyn Post, Scottsdale, Pa.* D. Feb. 28, aged 36. Served with Co. C, 320th Inf., 80th Div.

HARRY A. PUTT, *Clymer (Pa.) Post*, D. Mar. 26, aged 29. Served with Co. F, 110th Inf., 28th Div. and First Co., Third Regt., Air Service Mechanics.

JOHN M. SPEICHLINGER, *Millstadt (Ill.) Post*, D. Mar. 7 at Jefferson Barracks (Mo.) Hospital, aged 37. Burial at Millstadt. Pvt. 330th Inf., 83d Div.

JOHN LATHAM STACY, *Dud Cason Post, Blytheville, Ark.* D. Mar. 14 at Memphis, Tenn. Home address, Dell, Ark. Burial at Hot Springs, Ark. 1st Lieut., 68th Inf., Camp Sheridan, Ala.

Why Burn Coal

or wood when you can burn gas in your stove heater by installing a Uni-Hets Kerosene Burner (with exclusive 1924 features) in five minutes time. It gasifies common kerosene to the hottest and cheapest fuel known. Does away with dirt and high fuel cost. Heat regulated to any degree by valve. Increases stove efficiency 100%. Has brought joy and economy to thousands. FREE TRIAL. Saves its cost in 30 days. Write quick for full particulars and introductory price.



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HOW TO PUT ON A MINSTREL SHOW

BY HAROLD ROSSITER
CONTAINS COMPLETE PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO HANDLE AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL TALENT ALSO COMPLETE OPENING OVERTURE, GOOD SELECTION OF END MENS JOKES AND GAGS—INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO MAKE UP LIST OF SUITABLE SONGS ETC.
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When sending for your Post's copy of this book, just say "Here is a subscription for The American Legion Weekly—send us, free of charge, 'HOW TO PUT ON A MINSTREL SHOW.'"

Send all subscriptions to

The American Legion Weekly
627 West 43d Street, New York City



Wow! When Buddy "Paints-Up," Won't Rainbow Turn Green?

Buddy has faced lead in all forms, from Mauser bullets to Cooks & Bakers' School pop-overs.

There were mornings in France when a cold shower of singing pellets kept him fighting fit the whole day.

No longer Buddy defies the horrible hail of lead; but he's growing partial to lead paint which defies hail, rain, sunshine and other staple elements.

Buddy is not the sort to paint war in bright colors; but it's quite different when he considers painting his house.

He changes his mind about color designs more often than a chameleon shifts gears on its chemise.

One day Buddy is captivated by the idea of giving his hand-tailored bungalow an overtone of bright sea green. But next day the very notion makes him sea-sick.

Changing his mind costs nothing, as it doesn't have to be sent to the laundry and come back all stuck up with pins.

His next choice of color scheme is a bright pink, with a violet roof effect, blue shutters and a mauve porte cochere. This combination, he thinks, would cheer up the place 'neath the shadows of dusk and the second mortgage.

Another color hunch is a subdued effect—in issue shoe russet and clay-eater's gray. (This really isn't an example of morning-after taste.)

The wife, of course, has her own ideas about bungalow make-up. Her taste in colors would mock the rainbow at beaucoup francs per mock.

Buddy's bravery is unquestioned; he has never been known to run. But his colors may, unless he is correctly advised as to the sort of paint to use in beautifying the exterior of Doughboy Manor.

Paint and varnish manufacturers and dealers will find it profitable to brush up an acquaintance with Buddy and his host of home-making comrades who read *The American Legion Weekly*.

Such a friendship, thoroughly coated with layers of advertising, will prove weather-proof, storm-proof, substitution-proof—and guaranteed not to peel off or blister. Its blood is thicker than white-lead-and-zinc mixture.

Across the water Buddy nearly blew himself up with deadly TNT. Now he's just rarin' to blow himself up to TNT—by the bucketful.

During "Paint-up, Clean-up" week he wants to enter the bungalows' dress parade with a splash.

And cop the winning colors in the giddy garage sweepstakes.

Koupons, let's give Buddy a boost up the ladder of house-painting efficiency. Kindly apply at least one coat of ink to attached kupo. Give Buddy the names of national paint and varnish firms who, in your belief, should hitch their scaffolds to the star of good business, via the advertising columns of the *Weekly*!

Legionnaires, Meet Bill Smith Post

Bill Smith Post wanted a reputation for action. It began by boosting the *Weekly*. The adjutant sent in every member's coupon from the Buddy Talks.

In return Buddy sent it the original of a Wally Cartoon. He also announced to the world the Bill Smith Post was a live outfit.

Buddy will do as much for you.

If you send in the greatest number of coupons from this talk.

To the Advertising Manager,
627 West 43rd Street, New York

I would like to see the following brand of Paint or Varnish advertised in our *Weekly*:

1.
Give reason

Name
Address
I am a dealer salesman consumer
Post

OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

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V Chevrolet Motor Co.
VVMellinger Tire & Rubber Co.
BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS	
VVVVVAmerican Publishing Co.
V Nelson Doubleday	Back Cover
Garden City Publishing Co.	2
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES	
VVVAcorn Brass Mfg. Co.	26
Altklean Mfg. Co.	18
VVVVVAmerican Products Co.
V Vartercraft Studios	26
VVAAtlas Moving Picture Co.	24
Boyle Lock Co.	18
VVCoffield Fire Protector Co.	25
VVVVVComer Mfg. Co.
Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc.	26
Haywood Tire Equipment Co.	24
VVVJennings Mfg. Co.	24
Lundeen Products	24
VVVVMadison Shirt Co.	22
VVVVVAAlbert Mills
VPremier Mfg. Co.	18
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VM. H. Tyler Mfg. Co.
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VVVVT. S. Denison
Price Cutting Co.	24
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VVVVVThe Jell-O Company
Horlick's Malted Milk
J. L. Kraft & Bros. Co.
HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES	
VVVVVHartman Furniture & Carpet Co.
INSURANCE	
VVVVVJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.
INVESTMENTS	
Adair Realty & Trust Co.
VVVVG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.
JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS	
VVVVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division	17

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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VVIngersoll Watch Co.
VVVLoftis Brothers
*SANTA FE WATCH CO.	
MEDICINAL	
VVMustero Co.
Zonite
MEN'S WEAR	
VThe B. V. D. Co.	23
VThe Florshelm Shoe Co.
VVHolmroff Hosiery Co.
VVVKahn Tailoring Co.
VVVNu Way Stretch Suspender Co.
VVVVReliance Mfg. Co.
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VVJ. Buchstein
The Clark Grave Vault Co.
VVCole & Co.
VVIDiograph Products Corp.	26
Elto Outboard Motor Co.
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VVDuane W. Gaylord	26
VVVVH. Clay Glover
J. F. Gregory	19
Modern Research Society
Moskovitz & Herbach	18
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Wollensack Optical Co.
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VVVVVBUeschner Band Instrument Co.	16

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THEY
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V SERVICE STRIPS—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV, VV, VVV, VVVV, VVVVV, AND VVVVVV STRIPS ARE INCREASING. NOTICE THE ★. THIS IS THE INSIGNIA FOR THE CROIX DE GUYPON, AWARDED WHEN THE SEVENTH SERVICE STRIP IS DUE. We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," Issue of December 22, 1932. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in *THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY*. Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

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One more chance!

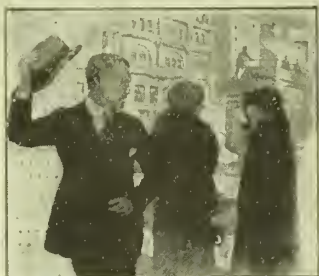
Because of the overwhelming response to the last-time offer on the Book of Etiquette we have decided to make this offer *just once more*. This is positively your last chance, and you are urged to act at once.

\$1.98 for the Famous Book of Etiquette



Again She Orders—
"A Chicken Salad, Please."

Why HAD she ordered that again? He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She wasn't sure of herself. She didn't really know.



"Goodbye! I'm Very Glad to Have Met You!"

But he ISN'T glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment he has just experienced. Do you know his mistake?



What's Wrong in This Picture?

It is so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public. There is, for instance, the very obvious mistake that is being made in this picture. Do you know what it is?

THERE appeared in these pages a short time ago a last call on the bargain offer of the Book of Etiquette. It was announced that, for the last time, the \$3.50 edition would be given for \$1.98.

The response was phenomenal. Men and women everywhere took advantage of the last chance to secure these two famous volumes at practically half the usual publishing price. So tremendous were the returns that we were obliged to print another edition—or else disappoint thousands of people who had ordered.

We decided to print the extra edition, although we had not planned to do so—AND NOW WE ARE ABLE TO OFFER YOU ONE MORE CHANCE! There are still a fairly large number of sets left, and while they last they will go at \$1.98. Remember, this is the regular, original \$3.50 edition in two complete volumes. You must act NOW if you want to take advantage of the bargain offer.

Positively the Last Time!

We are making this offer to the readers of "The American Legion Weekly" for the very last time. This is your final opportunity to secure the Book of Etiquette, in the original \$3.50 edition for only \$1.98. Are you going to let so important an opportunity slip by? Or are you going to clip and send off the bargain coupon at once—TODAY?

This is the genuine, authentic Book of Etiquette—for which half a million people paid the full publishing price of \$3.50. It solves every social problem, tells you precisely what to do, say, write

and wear on every occasion. It protects you from the humiliation of embarrassing blunders. It shows you how to be a better "mixer"—a more welcome guest—a more interesting conversationalist. It is a possession that will grow increasingly valuable the more you have it. It is like a silent social secretary in the home.

Send No Money

Be sure to take advantage of this LAST CHANCE. Remember that this is your last chance to secure the famous edition for only \$1.98.

Why not clip and mail this coupon NOW while you are thinking about it. No money is necessary. Just clip the coupon, fill it in with your name and address and send it to us. This is your last opportunity to do so. Thousands of people will take advantage of this final offer, and when the present edition is gone it will not be reprinted.

Mail this coupon to-day. Nelson, Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 364, Garden City, N. Y.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 364
Garden City, New York

I am glad there is one more chance to purchase the famous two-volume \$3.50 edition of the Book of Etiquette for only \$1.98. You may send me my copy at once. When the books arrive I will give the postman only \$1.98 plus the few cents delivery charges—and they are mine. It is understood, of course, that I may return the books any time within 5 days (and have my money refunded if I so desire).

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$2.98 with same return privilege. **Last Chance!**
(Orders from outside the U. S. payable \$2.44 cash with order. Leather binding, outside U. S., \$3.44 cash with order.)

NOTE: We reserve the right not to fill your order if it reaches us after the edition has been exhausted. Please act at once.